



The
Year Book

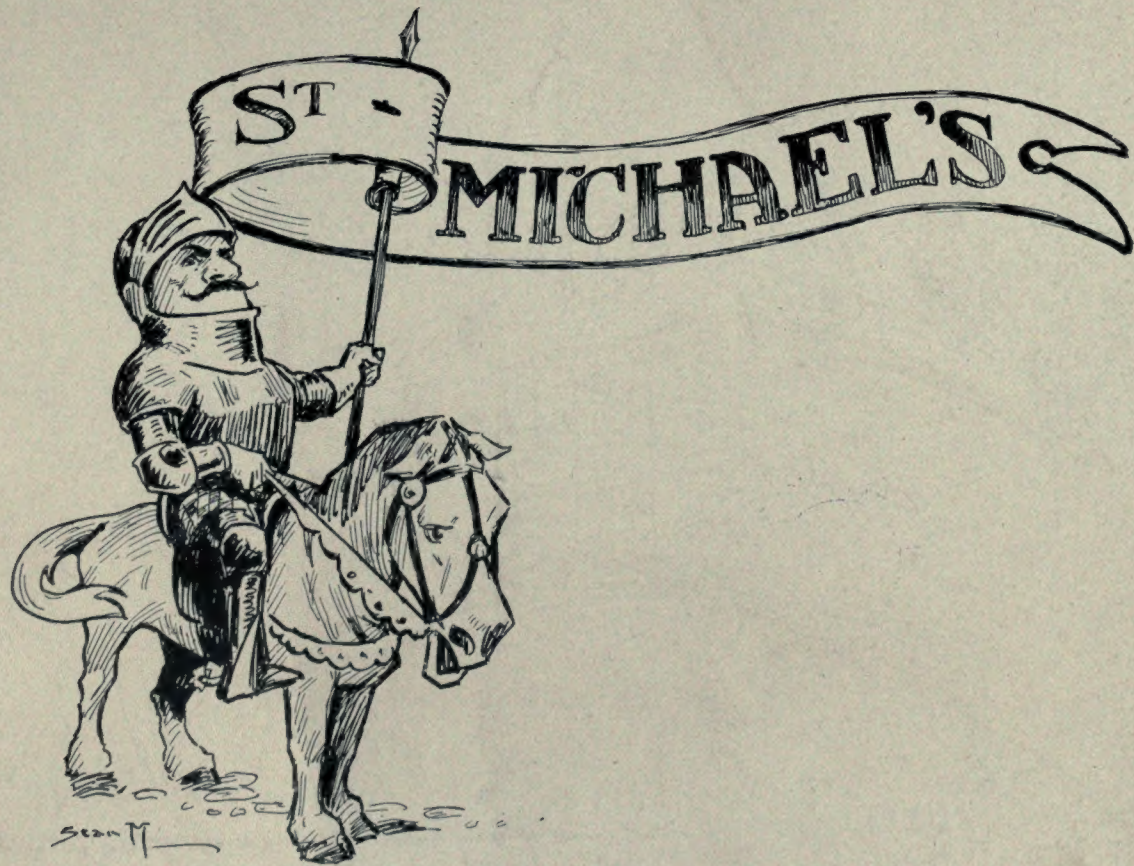
St. Michael's College

1911



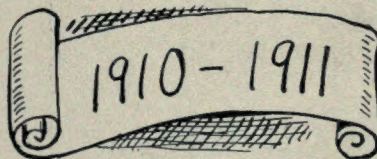
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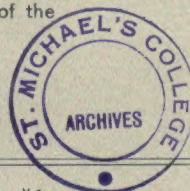


The Year Book of St. Michael's College

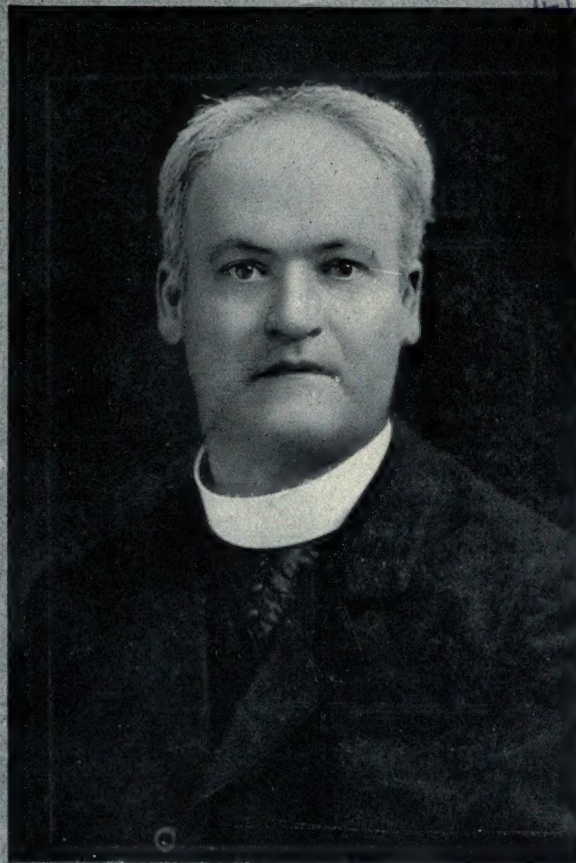


Bear with us in our efforts to rescue from oblivion events not unworthy of your consideration, and to consign to the pages of history the landmarks of the past scholastic year.

E. J. McCORKELL, B.A., Editor
H. S. BELLISLE, B.A., Business Manager



Published by the Students' Parliament



To
THE REV. A. A. VASCHALDE, Ph. D.
Professor of Oriental Languages
in
Catholic University of America
and
Former Professor of Philosophy
at
St. Michael's College.

THE SECOND EDITION OF
THE YEAR BOOK
IS DEDICATED BY
THE CLASS OF 1911.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO



VERY REV. F. G. POWELL, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College



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R. H. DIGNAN, B.A. Infirmirian.

Historical

NEXT September the corner-stone of St. Michael's College will have seen the Sixtieth celebration of its patron's feast. During these six decades that have been chronicled in the archives of time, success has generally smiled upon the efforts of the Basilian Fathers in charge, till at last they witnessed the happy day when St. Michael's College became federated with the "Cathedral of Canadian Education.

At present the College continues to progress both in intellectual, moral and physical lines. Though her graduating classes have been comparatively small, there is reason, however, to say that they have borne themselves very creditably at the University final examinations.

In athletics St. Michael's have become synonymous with true, manly sport. Her students prize this token of respect more than the bulk of their coveted trophies, which represent supremacy in the sphere of amateur hockey and junior Canadian rugby.

At hand-ball St. Michael's always proved herself a little superior to her competing Colleges, for the Intercollegiate Hand-ball Cup has but once seen St. Michael's vanquished in that branch of sport.

However, with our success in examinations and our achievements in sports, there is another element that makes College life more wholesome and convivial; 'tis the spirit that mutually exists among the students—a spirit whereby all act in harmony, be it on the campus or in the class-room, and it is due to this pervading influence that we have met with so much success.

Many long winter evenings are pleasantly interrupted with enjoyable social meetings. The Aquinas Academy affords the "sublimely profound" philosophers an opportunity to have their heretical views aired and corrected; the St. Michael's Literary Society, Choral Circle and Debating Club unite their forces in educating and entertaining the arts students. Needless to say these Societies are well patronized, both on account of their educational aspect, and again, since they are the source of exhilarating merriment.

As the leaves in the book of time are fingered over one by one let us hope that some pages will tell forth the prosperity of St. Michael's College, and that both her students and the University of Toronto can join in an anthem singing.

"Macula non est en te."

C.C.

History of Class '11

Honorary President, VERY REV. F. G. POWELL, C.S.B.

Class President C. E. COUGHLIN, B.A.

FOUR years have elapsed since our advent as freshmen and we have now reached the parting of the ways. Into our chosen fields of labor we pass, like so many of our predecessors, unheralded by portent, but with spoils of a struggle that oblivion ne'er can claim. A retrospective glance brings back many a scene that "lives again in memory" as one of the happiest of our lives. We recall our freshman year with its traditional experiences so vivid that they seem to have transpired but yesterday. Our joys and sorrows of that year were shared by many who have since sought other courses, and by some who, responding to destiny's call, have dutifully entered other fields of labor. Indeed, it was with greatly reduced numbers that we returned as Sophomores to begin our Philosophy course proper. At this critical period four new members joined our ranks and gave the class a new lease of life and vigor that never waned.

In the realms of abstract thought we have sojourned with a fair measure of success. Our chief innovation has been the organization of the Aquinas Academy to promote philosophical controversy. It has already won the confi-

dence of the undergraduates, and its future promises to be bright. We likewise point with a certain measure of pride to our achievements in athletics. Mulligan, Coughlin, McCorkell and Bellisle are honor graduates of the gridiron, and the latter has likewise an enviable name in hockey.

But it is not a fitting time to sound our praises or rehearse our triumphs. The immortal line of our sacred bard may not be the means of snatching them from oblivion—we are quite unworthy of so great an honor—but the unfolding of the future will surely coax forth into bloom a few of the seeds that have fallen from our hands.

And now, with all the world before us, we separate. Devoted each to a special pursuit we shall henceforth stand in a great measure divided, and shall possess little in common save that spirit which the associations of the past four years have inculcated in us. It is our earnest wish that this spirit may continue to assert itself and bind us together with sympathetic ties, and form a connecting link between us and our Alma Mater throughout future years.

E. J. M.



ST. MICHAEL'S
CLASS. 1922.

GRADUATING CLASS



Biographies

BELLISLE, HARRY STANISLAUS.

Harry was born at Georgetown, November 12th, 1891. His preparatory education was received in St. Helen's separate school, Toronto, and in '04" he entered St. Michael's. He matriculated in '07" and the appetite for knowledge already acquired led him into the unexplored depths of Philosophy, where, as a disciple of St. Thomas, he was a

leading member of the class. His career in football and hockey stamps him as one of St. Michael's best all-round athletes, and his rare ability as a general has won for him the captaincy of nearly every team with which he has played. His executive ability has been recognized from the fact that he is business manager of the College Year Book. A combination of such talents assures him success.

COUGHLIN, CHARLES EDWARD

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

In 1891 Charlie first smiled upon Hamilton, "The Ambitious City." There he received his preparatory education, and entering St. Michael's, matriculated in '07.' Throwing in his lot with the class of "onety-one" he began to grapple with the philosophical problems of ancient Greece. True to his motto he apportioned time to both work and play. During his sojourn in the College he always took an active part in the Literary and Dramatic Societies, and the season's sports. He has the unique distinction of being a member of three championship teams, viz: the hand-ball team, Junior City Rugby Champions, and the Junior Canadian Champions. Whatever be his vocation, if his past be any criterion, his future is assured.

DIGNAN, RALPH HUBERT.

Hubert was born in London, December 9th, 1890. The same place provided his preliminary education, in its separate schools and Collegiate Institute, from the latter of which he matriculated with honors in '08." The following

term found him with the class of '11, and he still upholds the enviable reputation made as a high school student. Hubert has held many a position of honor with various College Societies, ample proof of his executive ability and popularity. We can safely predict that his efforts in the future will be crowned with the greatest success.

FITZPATRICK, BERNARD PATRICK.

*"For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all."*

"Fitz" commenced his career in Brockville, May 18th, 1892. After a brilliant course at the separate school and Collegiate Institute of his native city, he cast his fortunes with class '11 in old St. Michael's. Though Bernard is young in years, still, what he lacks in age is amply offset by ability. "Fitz" has always shown great admiration for athletics and dress. He knows how to combine those qualities which go to make up a good fellow and a gentleman. We trust that success will attend him in whatever branch of life he may embrace.

McCORKELL, EDMUND JOSEPH.

It was in Udney, near Breehin, that Edmund first opened his eyes to gaze on this rough world. Here he obtained his primary education. He entered the Collegiate in Orillia and obtained his Senior Leaving. Still climbing the tree of knowledge he came to Toronto and entered the Faculty of Education. Graduating, he came to St. Michael's and joined the class of "onety-one." His rare ability as an organizer won for him the Premiership in the Students' Parliament this year. He is also Editor of the College Year Book. In athletics "Mac" has the unique distinction of being one of the Junior Dominion Champions, his line plunging being the chief factor in the winning of many a game. The class of "onety-one" join one and all in wishing him continued success in whatever branch of life he may choose.

MULLIGAN, THOMAS MURRAY.

*"Man is his own star,
And that soul that can be honest
Is the only perfect man."*

The potentiality of the above concreted entity was actualized in Toronto in the year 1888. To Kentucky was en-

trusted the rocking of his pedagogic cradle. It was at St. Michael's that Murray learned to lisp "Mensa, mensae," and afterwards to cerebrate scholastically regarding such trifles as syllogisms and Aristotelian categories while wondering whether the soul possessed free will when the "Prof." was determined. Murray has always held prominence both metaphysically and physically. His present graduation testifies to the former, while the fact that he captained last year's Junior Dominion Champions gives evidence of the latter. His classmates unanimously wish Murray success in the legal profession, which he is about to enter.

NOBERT, WILLIAM.

"Bill" was born in Toronto, 1889. He received his primary education in St. Joseph's School, Toronto. He entered St. Michael's in "03." The magnetic force of Philosophy drew Bill's curious soul to join the class of "onety-one." Here his bright smile and cheery ways have won for him a place in the hearts of all his classmates. He always manifested a deep interest in athletics and was just as happy to see others win as to win himself. Wherever the guiding hand of fortune may lead him we know he will always find friends.

DUHAMEL, LEO.

Leo was born in Ottawa, 1889. His preparatory education was received in Rigaud, Que. In '09 he came to St. Michael's to swell the numbers of class '11. His chief difficulty was to master the English tongue, but now he speaks it like a true son of "John Bull." He is an ardent supporter of Monsieur Bourassa; mention Laurier to our friend Leo and it is time to run. Leo has made many friends while at St. Michael's. We wish him success in his chosen field of life, whatever it may be.

HOWARTH, GEORGE.

George was born in Toronto, 1887. His primary education was received in St. Joseph's Separate School, Toronto. He came to St. Michael's in '02. After covering most of his philosophy he left to accept a position in his native city. In '11 he came to join the banner class and incidentally to finish his Philosophy. George, while amongst us, manifested a deep interest in the "Students' Parliament." He has many friends at St. Michael's who join with us in wishing him every success.

Prophecy

Hush! some Prophetic Spirit bids me contemplate
The future, which I already fain would know;
Of how this noble class their names will make,
And in life's battle their sterling worth will show.

Dimly I see in some cathedral great,
In pontifical robes and with stately ways,
A man whose name I need not here relate,
Though Hubert we called him in college days

The scene passes, and with it the cathedral great;
Before me stands a place whose memories are sweet;
Alma Mater, I greet thee, ere it is too late,
And President McCorkell, you I also greet.

Then up to New Ontario I am wafted far;
What I see here in Sudbury's hall of fame
Is neither gold nor silver, nor nickel bar,
But a man—the pride of the North—Judge Mulligan by name.

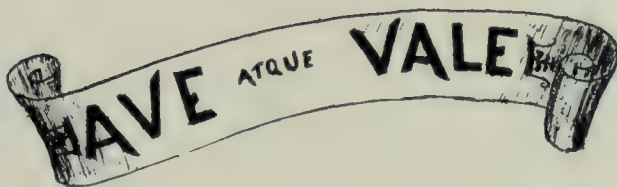
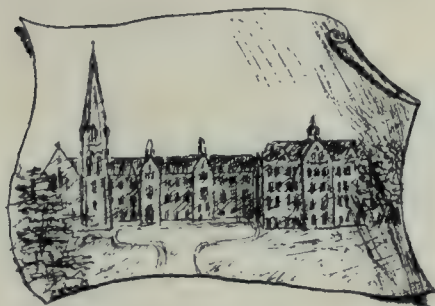
Next I behold a mansion grand in Brockville town,
And in it a lawyer, his wife and children three;
Who is this little man of such great renown?
I should have known, he is B. P. Fitzpatrick, B.A., K.C.

Gently the Spirit for me reveals, in life another course,
Wherein I see a lecture hall filled with young men;
Harry Bellisle upon the platform stands in eloquent discourse,
On subjects no other hand but his has learned to pen.

Once more I delve into the future, and with anxious heart I wait,
To see what wonders still are there in store for me;
I behold a parish church, with the pastor at the gate,
And my heart grows glad when I recognize Charlie of S.M.C.

From my reverie I now with lingering sadness 'wake,
And wonder if all this ever will be done;
If that which I have pictured shall be the fate
Of this gallant graduating class of "onety-one."

—W. L. M., '12.



Let each one reflect, this day to connect
In your memory ever to stay;
For the faces I see, smiling and free
Will always look back to to-day.

If pleasure to sorrow be turned on the morrow,
We have one consolation, I say,
The exams are no more and our worries are o'er,
At least so we hope and we pray.

But whate'er Fortune send, thy name to defend,
Alma Mater we'll strive and we'll pray,
And a good loyal hand is at thy command
For the honors bestowed us to-day.

—E. J. M.

May the course we have made, kind Fortune to aid,
In our callings no weakness betray;
For our motto is still, in our work at the mill,
To grind grains more golden each day.

True to relate, in the Church and the State,
Men are needed to lead in the way;
Will these men be selected, in ways unexpected,
Will they sometimes be grads. of to-day.

History of Class '12

Honorary President
President

REV. A. E. HURLEY, C.S.B.
M. BENCH.

HNE more year has rolled by and we find Class '12 still guarding unsullied its enviable record of the past two years. The past year, on the whole, has been a successful one and if the past is any criterion of what is to be, then nothing but success can crown our future efforts.

The old adage, which says, "intellectual ability in the class-room is indicative of prowess on the athletic field," applies remarkably well to the budding young "grads" of "onety-two."

J. J. Sheridan, who hails from Brechin, was a tower of strength to the senior rugby team. "Jack" did not return to S.M.C. after Christmas, as he took up his abode in Assumption College, Sandwich, as Professor of the business class. Pembroke sends W. L. Murray, who played middle wing for the Seniors. P. J. Moloney, claiming Powasson for his town, and Gerald Kirby, a Torontonion, proved their sterling worth as members of the junior rugby team. Whitby is the proud possessor of Denis O'Connor. Denis

plays lacrosse well but his forte is hand-ball in which game he possesses few equals in the College.

On St. Michael's Literary Society Executive we see that great work has been done by Frank Riordan, as Secretary of State, and Frank McReavy, as Minister of Finance. "Mac" is our Owen Sound representative, while Riordan comes from Hawtry, Ont. Martin Bench, our class President, comes from St. Catharines. Martin is one of Alma Mater's best students. Our two other members from Toronto, John Bennett and Robert Miller, as day-scholars, do not live the real college life, nevertheless they are imbued with the spirit of activity which pervades the class.

Though we have another year within these great walls of learning, we are looking forward with no small amount of anxiety and eagerness to the time when we shall be recognized as graduates of Alma Mater and as faithful and devoted Alumni of dear old St. Michael's.

W. L. M.



CLASS '12

History of Class '13

Honorary President Rev. J. PURCELL, S.T.L., C.S.B.

President P. O'BRIEN.

TWO years have now rolled by since the Class of 1913 came into its own in St. Michael's, years which have abounded with pleasure and enjoyment, and which have passed all too soon.

It was with light and hopeful hearts that this Class of "onety-three" reassembled in the familiar halls of Alma Mater in the early days of September, 1910. A most successful term had ended with the vacation of 1910, and the outlook for the coming year was even more promising. But a few bright faces were absent when the reveille was sounded for the commencement of the new term. Among the number was our much-esteemed former President, Mr. Dan. Dillon. The vacancies, however, were filled by other students, who saw fit to cast in their lots with '13, and who are now as zealous as the older members to further the interests of the Class.

An enumeration of the achievements of '13 would be impossible. Suffice it to say that the members have worthily upheld the honor of '13 in studies and in athletics, in literary and philosophical pursuits, and in the social order. St. Michael's Literary Society and the Aquinas Academy were officered largely from our Class, and a few of our members contributed in no small measure to the success of the Mock Parliament. We were likewise represented on all the College athletic teams. Rev. Father Purcell, S.T.L., our

Honorary President, has evinced the deepest interest in our welfare. Mr. P. L. O'Brien was unanimously chosen President, and has ably filled the presidential chair.

Among the members who returned in September were Messrs. Chas. Black and Dan Forestell who have kept up the enviable reputation won last year. J. Ray O'Neil again has filled many important offices in the College Societies. From dear old Westport, Lambert Garvin a second time broke away, eager in the pursuit of knowledge, while Peterboro again returned M. O'Brien, who has been prominent in literary and athletic achievements. Edward Brennan once more upheld the honor of his native St. Catharines, while Toronto was well represented by August Mogan and Gerald Culleton, the sages from Riverdale, and Charles O'Leary, the general favorite by reason of his bright and happy manner. Basil Kingsley hastened from Lindsay to our assistance, likewise Patrick O'Brien from Bartonville.

The Class attributes its success not so much to its own efforts as to the unbounded efforts of our revered President, Father Powell, and the worthy professors, who have labored unceasingly during the past year. To our Honorary President, Father Purcell, and to the other members of the faculty we extend our heartiest greetings, attributing to them the success which has been ours during the term just closed.

E. B.



CLASS '13

History of Class '14

Honorary President .. D. E. FOLEY, B.A., M.D., C.M.

President E. RAINBOTH.

CLASS Fourteen! Ah, long shall we remember this eventful Freshman year, with its various ups and downs, and, let us hope, its very successful finish.

When the Class assembled in September, 1910, many recruits were found ready to begin the work, and incidentally, the play. Of course it took up the first week or two to "get our bearings," but as soon as we began to get acquainted everything grew bright and cheery, and the class-work began in earnest.

Our Honorary President, Dr. Foley, has taken a great interest in the welfare of '14.

Ernest Rainboth, who hails from Ottawa, was elected to the Presidency of the Class and has filled the chair very ably.

In every department of College life "Fourteen" has played a very prominent part. In academic work the Class has acquitted itself very honorably indeed, while probably no class in the house has done more towards athletics. In every branch of sports—in hockey, rugby, baseball, lacrosse, etc.—"Fourteen" has been always to the fore.

In academic work "Fourteen" has had a very successful year, and although barred from holding office in the St. Michael's Literary Society, still the "Freshies" have always been among the foremost in promoting the interests of the

Society, and E. Rainboth has not infrequently caused a sensation in the "House" by his patriotic views on reciprocity.

Equally pronounced has been our success in athletics. Walter (Dutch) Gonter, the boy from Wellesville, N.Y., was captain and half-back of the Senior O.R.F.U. Rugby Team, 1910, and also held down the initial sack in the baseball team. Pardy Quinn also made good on the 1st rugby team, and his loss was severely felt when he was called home in November. John Clements played on the Junior O.H.A. team and is also on the pitching staff of the baseball team. Hanrahan, from grimy Hamilton played half-back on the Junior O.R.F.U. squad, while still another member, Shaw, was on the Junior O.H.A. line-up. On the Intermediate N. C. hockey team "Fourteen" had three representatives—Doyle, the captain, Hammond and Guerard. H. Gonter has a good reputation on the hand-ball alley.

Of the other members of "Fourteen" and their various achievements mention need not be made here. Suffice it to say that "Fourteen" during the past year has achieved a record that may be looked back to with pride, and it is for every member to see to it that our reputation remains unsullied during future years—such, we one and all, confidently believe will be the case.

I. G.



CLASS '14



History of Class '15

Honorary President .. J. F. KENNY, M.A.
President .. JOSEPH CANFIELD.

IN September, 1910, thirty-two aspirants for Junior Matriculation assembled within the walls of St. Michael's College. Months have rolled by and the examination which then seemed as a speck on the horizon is almost at hand. A few weeks more and the term of 1910-11 will be a thing of the past.

Let us review for a moment the happenings that have occurred since that eventful day in September. Being the largest class in the house, the part we have taken in the various departments of College activities is by no means a small one. We have endeavored to divide our time judiciously between work and play, so as to get the best results. Let us hope we have succeeded. Joseph Canfield, of Utica, N.Y., is our President, and has proved himself worthy of the position. Mr. J. F. Kenny, M.A., a graduate of Toronto University, and a former Fellow in Wisconsin, Toronto and Columbia, is our Honorary President, and has manifested intense interest in our welfare. We take this opportunity to extend to him our thanks for the many kindnesses he has shown us during the past year and we sincerely hope he never will have cause to regret the fact that he was Honorary President of the Junior Matriculation Class, 1911.

Along literary lines Class '15 has not been idle. The

majority of the officers in St. Charles' Literary Society are members of the Class. These are President Geo. Fee of North Bay, Leo Gorman of Belleville, and Norman Reaume of Windsor, Ont.

Class '15 likewise has the honor of possessing the largest number of football players in any one class. Bernard Holland of North Bay, Ont., Stan. Reaume of Windsor, Ont., John O'Connor of Watertown, N.Y., Leo Gorman of Belleville, and Joseph Canfield, are Senior O.R.F.U. players. The Junior O.R.F.U. team claims Geo. Fee, the captain, Peter and John Spratt, Thos. Donovan, Neil McCormack, John Ryan, and Joseph Dwyer.

Other members of the Class who have won laurels in the fields of learning are Donald Gordon, Percy Hynes, Gerard Mahar, Dan O'Neill, Vincent Duggan, Ormond Cuddahy, Vincent Byrne, Leo Phelan, Sherman Duggan, and Thomas McCabe, all of Toronto; T. Somers O'Connor of Gananoque, Ont.; Robert McBrady of Port Arthur, Ont.; John O'Leary of Peterboro, Ont.; Cyril Coughlin of Nanton, Alta.; Cyril Murray of London, Ont.; James Sureda of Porto Rico; Al. Callaghan of Arthur, Ont.; Geo. Leigh of New York City, and Harold Babbins from the Capital.

J. D.



IV. ACADEMIC, CLASS '15

History of Class '16

Honorary President E. J. McCORKELL, B.A.

President GODFREY SERVAIS.

There's a Class in old St. Michael's
That is recognized by all
As the best the College can produce,
In schoolology or ball.

Mr. McCorkell's our Honorary President,
And proud of him are we;
Godfrey Servais, our representative,
Is the best that we can see.

First in the Class comes Broderick,
Who is known far and wide
As the wonder point in the O.H.A.,
On the light and dark blue side.

John Mulvihill loves the same game,
And plays it cleverly,
And Tierney, as literary representative,
Was selected unanimously.

Dickson and Ryan too, have we,
With records truly great;
They come one day out of every six,
And that day they are late.

McNabb, McDonagh and McGowan
Have filled III Latin with renown,
One is from Belleville, one from Toronto,
And one from Brechin town.

O'Flaherty from London comes;
Whelan from Westport hails,
And Donneyville Guiry always succeeds
Wherever he does not fail.

Next comes the man with the frog's legs,
O'Boyle is his name,
While playing lacrosse for St. Michael's
He made undying fame.

O'Leary, Kidd, and Ryan, Frank,
Three stalwarts from the city,
One virtue only have—in childhood days
They used to call them pretty.

Whitaker and Willie Hearne
Are likewise from Toronto;
While Brennan brothers, Bob and John,
Come from a place called Buffalo.

St. Thomas sends us Austin Gant;
Legendre, you know, alack!
His very presence sends currents
Electric up one's back.

From Dundas comes our best athlete,
Mark Robertson by name;
And finally, from Kingston,
We hear of Staley's fame.

—A. S.



III. ACADEMIC, CLASS '16

History of Class '17

Honorary President .. Mr. M. O'BRIEN.
President J. KELLY.

Come, friend, and visit Class '17,
Give us a friendly call,
Enter by the class-room door,
Or come in through the wall.

John Kelly of baseball fame,
Our President, you'll see,
He's famed upon the diamond
A future star to be.

We have a little rooters' club
In Barker, Powers and Hogan,
And when the teacher does appear,
They give the College slogan.

Dan Cunerty you'll see and hear,
By whom the wall is braced;
And Rose, upon a rebel horde,
His sweetness has to waste.

Our shining lights are three in all,
O'Connor, Lynch and Doyle,
They'll set the Class on fire yet—
They burn the midnight oil.

At Xmas, from first Latin class,
Three lusty youths did come,
But since they have stepped upwards
We've taught them how to bum.

St. Catharines sends a rangy youth,
Of long and lanky frame,
He seems to be a rooter born,
O'Halloran is his name.

And McIntyre too is here,
A well re(a)d man is he;
Articulates distinctly, and
With perfect melody.

Sylvester spends his nickels on
Tooth paste and gum and pie,
And Michael Healy chews well too,
His jaw-bones being high.

A few of us do worry much
With cares from day to day;
McFadden is a nervous wreck,
O'Leary's hairs are grey.

Bert McAvoy is seated near
A human stick of wood,
And Latchford through the window
Says the sights are good.

Fred Webster, Lambrick, and Frank Doyle,
Are not the least of all,
And dwarfish Mickie Rathwell
Responds to the roll-call.

—L. R.



II. ACADEMIC, CLASS '17



History of Class '18

Honorary President .. H. S. BELLISLE, B.A.

President G. FITZPATRICK.

O listen, friend of Class '18,
The history I'll revise,
And notice if among the group
A friend you recognize.

McCann, who hails from Brechin town,
Says the place is dead;
And Thorold first did smile upon
Bill Manley's curly head.

From Ottawa comes Bourgault with
His hockey stick and glove;
But Gus and Sully come from where
The mountain hangs above.

Lamore, he comes from Trenton town,
A little up the bay,
And when it comes to hockey,
"Mack" and he can show the way.

Murray, McLaughlin and O'Neill,
Pose as Toronto's pride;
While Hearne and Beck and Boland too
The city's cares divide.

Little Current sends Glen Mac,
Of pugilistic fame;
While Peterboro contributes
A lean and hungry frame.

The Queen City a pair more claims
In Shaughnessy, O'Lone,
And when Jack thinks of Nepigon
It almost makes him moan.

Another three who study hard,
The midnight oil they burn,
Are prominent in every way,
Marion, Latchford and O'Hearne.

Shannie comes from Mt. St. Lou',
Which, no doubt, is some place,
And carries around with him a map
Of Ireland on his face.

Another pair, for being late,
Excuses do not lack,
McConvey says the cars were late,
While Reddin's jumped the track.

Bad habits have crept in somehow,
A few of us do bum;
Connolly seldom does his lines,
And Muggsey, he chews gum.

And last of all of Mead I tell,
And Keemle, famed in song;
Though last, not least, our President,
Fitzpatrick, comes along.

—J. S.



I. ACADEMIC, CLASS '18

History of Commercial Class

"Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom, freedom none but virtue, and virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor and immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith and in the sanction of the Christian religion."—JOSIAH QUINCY.

HEREFORE the Good Fathers seeing the necessity of this for those who have to battle in the Commercial world, established a business training to prepare young men to enter into this life in its true state and refrain from that pecuniary lust which is a marked evil of our age. and also impart to them their duty, civilly and religiously. In this our Reverend teacher has fulfilled his duty, and during our leisure moments throughout the year has told interesting narratives of his experiences in Texas, especially his "hold-up" and his never-failing courage at the moment of peril.

St .Michael's being widely renowned in regard to athletics—ex-holders of the world's championship in amateur hockey—it would be hard to believe, although our stay is short, that we could escape its charms. Bishop Spalding has said in his Opportunity, "He whose ideal is an athlete is scarcely able to look above the prize ring," but pleasant to relate, sports and studies have their allotted times, and it is not a case of "If sports interfere with your studies, cut out your studies," but it is noticeable that the best students

are the best athletes, and although none of us have figured very prominently and become famous in this field, still with a searching eye one could always find a representative of our Class participating.

As education consists in developing what is in us, our Reverend teacher has completed his part. I believe the subjects that have created the most interest are Commercial Law and Religious Knowledge. One can easily see the importance of these. The remaining subjects, however, receive due attention, and I believe it will be safe to predict that in the future when we have all taken our positions in life that our Class of 1911 will have contained some of the great business men of their age.

Now, in conclusion let me add that when our ambitions have been fulfilled and we have attained our end, we may stop for a moment and glance back through the twilight of our careers, our hearts will swell with gratitude for the good followers of St. Basil, who have done so much for our success and built for us the foundations of our manhood.

J. T.



COMMERCIAL CLASS

The Same Old Story

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old College fare.

Meat, beans, and potatoes, all mixed in a stew,
A spoonful of onions, a carrot or two.

The sweet fragrant coffee, in which stockings were boiled,
The table with soup and gravy all soiled.

The plates, cups and saucers of structure so hard,
They could not be broken when thrown in the yard.

The long, lanky waiters, who came with a rush,
And tossed on the table huge platters of mush.

Which, when being eaten, remained in a lump
And whenever one moved you could hear the stuff jump.

Then there was beef, as tough as a lark;
The little brown sausages wanted to bark.

The strong muscled butter had odor so high,
One snuff of its fragrance would make a man cry.

But the lads used to flatten it on bread they called punk,
Which was thrown on the table like a huge pile of junk.

The old rusty knives broken off at the end;
The hard, greasy gravy that made the forks bend

And last, but not least, the petrified hash;
And these are the victuals we get for our cash.

—By permission of the Authors.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

The Calamity

Oh! get your tears all ready, little people, and I'll tell
The saddest little tragedy that ever there befell;
It happened to a little boy, far off in old St. Mike's,
The story makes me shudder, but I'll tell it if you like.

He was a lively youngster, and in mischief often dived,
They paid a nurse to watch him, though he'd reached the age
of twelve;
And everybody prophesied he'd break a limb or so,
But still he might have grown up if they'd briefly called
him Joe.

His name was Joseph, Daniel, Patrick, Andrew, Jim and Norman,
Charlie, Cecil, Victor, George, Francis, Michael Sullivan;
Of course you may be much surprised by this great, cumbersome
name,
But if he had not left this earth, 'twould grace the halls of
fame.

His face was like an onion, and his hair was bulldog cut,
His skull was just as hollow as an empty cocoanut;
His voice was like a parrot's and would put your nerves to rack;
His feet were large and he walked like a street-car off the
track.

Upon a sunny summer day, he went into the park,
And while his nurse was occupied, he thought he'd have a
lark.
So, picking up some handy stones, which were strewn around
the dell,
He flung them at some bullfrogs in an old deserted well.

But youth is so impetuous, so careless and what not,
That when he leaned over the brim to have a better shot,
He leaned a little bit too far, and so headlong fell in;
He shrieked for help and brought his nurse to see what caused
the din.

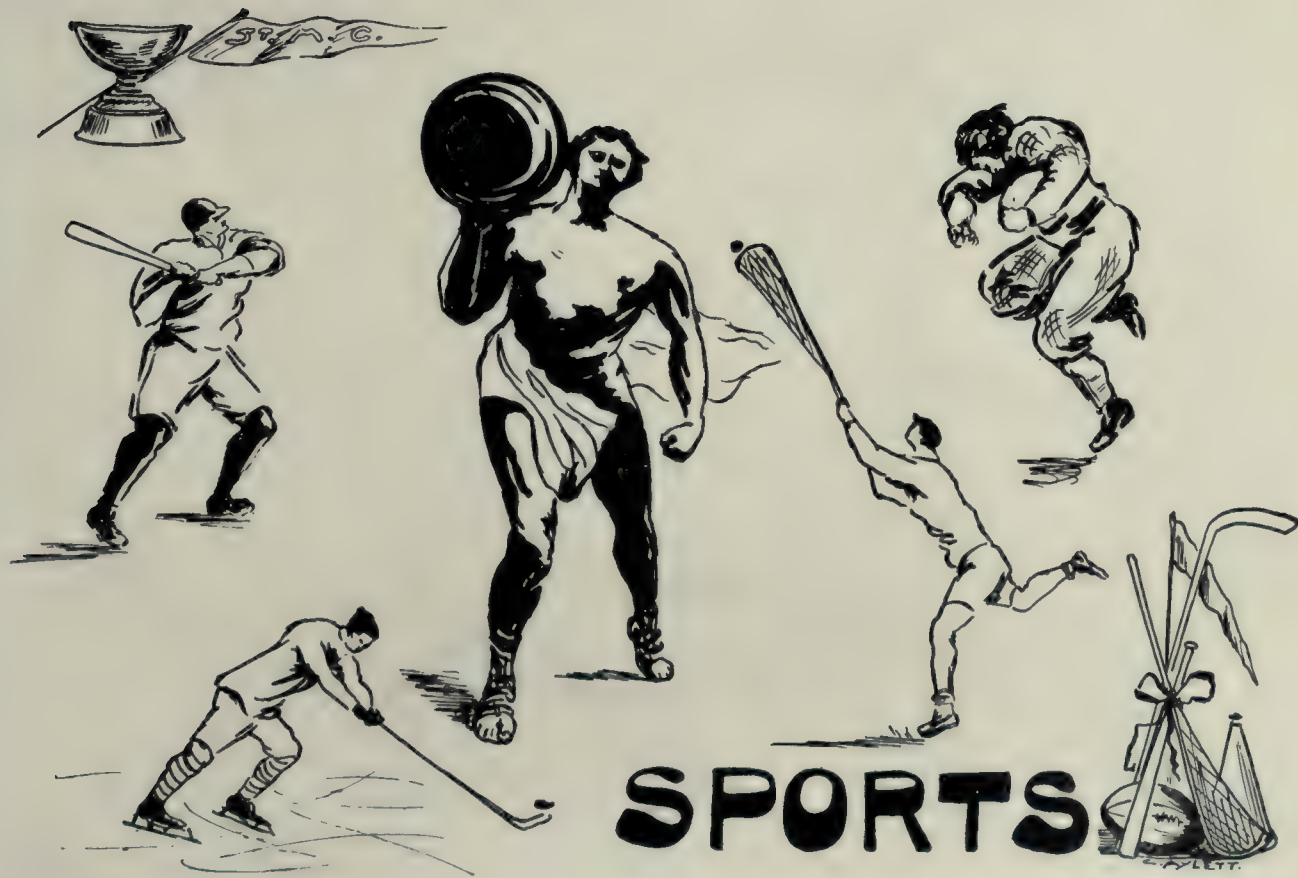
The well was dark and she could not make out just who it was,
That of this sharp and dreadful noise had been the helpless
cause;
So she called down into the well with all her might and main:
"If there is someone down in there, will you tell me your
name."

Then a faint and choking voice rose up from out the well,
And said in muffled tones which were too sad for me to tell:
"It is only little Joseph, Daniel, Patrick, Andrew, Jim,
Norman, Charlie, Cecil, Vict—," alas, it was too much for him.

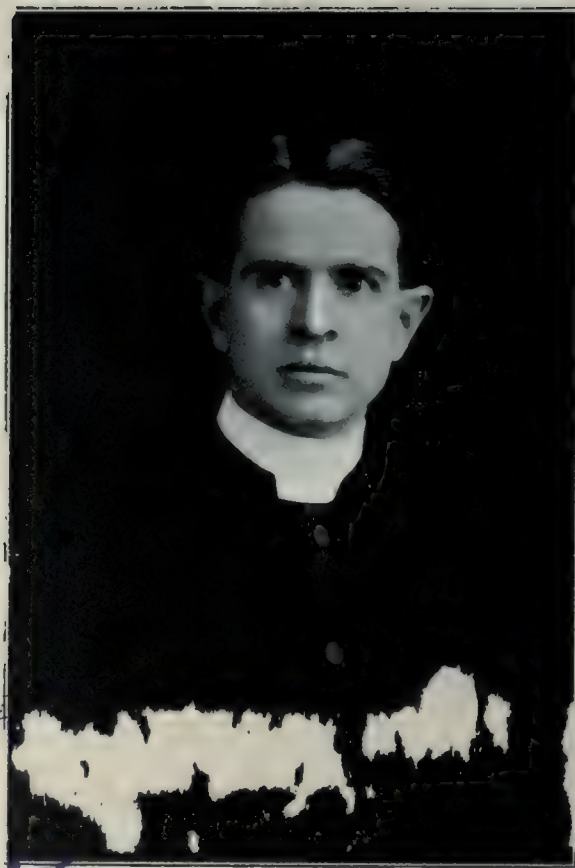
For 'ere he had completed his lengthy appellation,
His scanty stock of strength, which was of very short duration,
Had been exhausted, and he had sunk into his wat'ry grave—
A sad and cruel fate for one so youthful and so brave.

Respectfully dedicated to Joseph Sullivan,
By the author, Jack Barker.

Publisher—Donald Rose.



SPORTS



REV. H. CARR "A., C S B., President of the Athletic Association

General Survey of Athletics

AFTER four or five years at a College the young man goes forth with its stamp upon him, in its weakness, and in its strength. Advantages gained from class-room and study contribute only a part and even a comparatively small part to this. Every moment of each day character-forming influences are at work upon him. It is of the utmost importance that these should be of the best. Here is the value of college spirit and traditions. These are largely in the hands of the students themselves. Each boy there is a factor, not only in the formation of his own character, but also in that of his fellow-students, and even of those who come after him, since he is helping to build up traditions. Of these extra-classroom influences athletics can perform a predominant part. If properly regulated, athletics in a boarding-school have possibilities for good that are hard to overestimate. No other force can do so much for the happiness and contentment of the boy; nothing else can so centre his thoughts and interests within the college walls and college life. This applies to all alike, not only to those actually engaged in sports. Athletics are a most

healthy, innocent relaxation in hours of freedom, and make the otherwise tedious weeks pass swiftly by. Their hearts are wrapped up in the glory of the College. This must not be ill-regulated. They must be educated to prize victory, but to submit gracefully to defeat. One of the greatest triumphs of a college is when it can boast that its students though not unaccustomed to victory, can cheer with pride as their team goes down to honorable defeat.

Athletics cannot subsist without athletes, and no more can they subsist without the moral support of the other students. Each helps and requires the help of the other.

Nor is there any reason why the field should interfere with the class-room. In fact athletics cannot perform their function properly and be a success if they do interfere. In my experience I have never known a boy to fail in his class-work because of athletics. Since this is so, there is a duty incumbent upon each student to further the promotion of this important part of college life as far as lies in his power, and something lies in every boy's power.

H. CARR.

Rugby

THE season of 1910 marks our initial dip into senior rugby. It was an experiment undertaken not without a great deal of consideration as to its probable consequences, nor without some anxiety on the part of the followers of our rugby team. True, our record of the previous season was a fair indication of our ability to play the game, and our unbroken chain of victories had created intense enthusiasm which is no small factor in athletic success. But the step from junior to senior ranks is a great one, and the sporting public seemed to be under the impression that we were committing an act of rashness, that our inexperience and lack of weight would make the more or less perfect football machine that we had been acclaimed to be, unworkable in the face of such opposition as a senior series would contribute. But speed and team play had already demonstrated their worth, and in the style of game that was fast becoming popular we be-



DUTCH GONTER

lieved that lack of weight would be but a comparatively small handicap. And true enough, for the season of 1910 goes down as one of the most successful in our rugby history. The very first game of the season in which we lowered the colors of the runners-up in the senior series of the previous year stamped St. Michael's in the opinion of the Toronto press as strong factors in the senior race. The brand of rugby played was admittedly of a superior kind, and nothing but the most unfortunate of accidents robbed us of championship laurels. It was not weight that beat us. The last game of the season is a striking proof of this statement. The Dundas wing line, famed for their weight and aggressiveness, made their yards but once in the entire game, due to the splendid work of the whole College line in general, and of Bernard Holland in particular. Our downfall was due to the injuries received by our two star half-backs, the Gonter cousins, in the second game with the Toronto Athletic Club. Not only were these injuries responsible

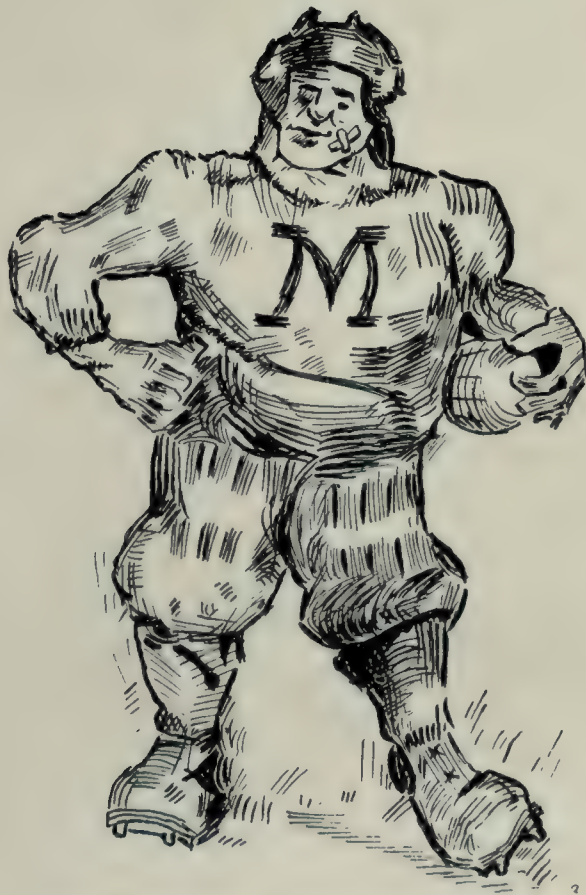


for the loss of that memorable game in which they were sustained, but being of a more or less serious nature they curtailed the efficiency of these players for the remainder of the season. For, realizing from the beginning that weight would be against us, and appreciating fully the superiority of our punters over the majority of kicking half-backs, we had chosen the open style of play, and came to rely upon punting and fast following up to win our games for us. Our punters were, therefore, the pivots of our team, and their undoing rendered such tactics unworkable.

There was not a minute, however, that we were not in the championship race. The first game with T.A.A.C. at Varsity field stamped us as the team to beat. It was a crucial game. We won, and the wisdom of our entry into senior ranks could no longer be questioned. Though many attributed our victory to superiority of condition, we felt that such was not the case, and that we were capable of a much better performance. The Parkdale game was indeed a joke. It recalled to mind our victories of 1909. The defeat of Dundas by T.A.A.C. on the same day left us leaders in the race and made the return game with the victors the virtual deciding of the championship. It was truly a memorable game. Our opponents were utterly carried off their feet during the first half by our speed, and it was only due to the undoing of our punters that they were able to nose out a victory in the last quarter. Though de-

feated, the management and players felt that we came out of the game with more honors than many a victory affords. Our opponents admitted that we were the better team. The trip to Dundas on Thanksgiving Day was indeed an enjoyable one. We had developed a wholesome fear for the Valley Town aggregation, not so much by reason of the fact that they were Intermediate Canadian Champions of 1909, but more because we had been led to believe that the style of rugby they indulged in was of the rough variety. So far as we were concerned, however, nothing could be farther from the truth. True, we suffered the worst defeat of the season, but this was due to the crippled condition of our back line and the more or less inexplicable want of confidence that came over our wing line. The return game was of a very different kind. Our wing line proved that they were not inferior to Dundas, and our punters were never in better form. It was, perhaps, the finest game in Toronto last season. But we were especially delighted to find Dundas playing the game we have tried to play ourselves, and which we prize so highly. It was a fitting close to a very successful season.

Our success is to be attributed to several causes. A more than average amount of skill especially on the back line, and a spirit of good-fellowship, have done their part, but above all to the good judgment and ceaseless industry of our coach and manager the greatest credit must be given.



COLLEGE EDUCATION SURELY BROADENS A MAN

T.A.A.C. Game

IT was a bleak November afternoon in the fall of 1910. The sky was black and threatening and a few scattered drops of rain were falling. The whistling wind blew in gusts up the lake and lengthwise down the field. Dutch Gonter, St. Michael's great kicking half and 1911 captain, is the first to appear, close followed by the rest of the team. The loyal College lads in yon grandstand break forth into a tumultuous cheer as Dutch lifts the ball high into the air and it soars towards the opposite goal. The Toronto Athletic Club squad stride leisurely out on the campus; a husky bunch they are, too, looking like a crowd of butchers in their red regalia. St. Michael's had beaten them just two weeks before, and they felt they could do it again on this memorable Saturday afternoon.

The referee blows his whistle and both captains come together. They shake hands, but there is no friendship in the clasp. It is war to a finish to-day. St. Michael's win the toss and elect to kick with the wind. Degruchy, the Athletic Club captain, carefully fixes the ball, then stepping back a few paces hoofs it to Matt., the stellar right half for College, who returns it for a gain of ten yards. Steadily the Collegians force the play into the enemy's ter-

ritory, until they are within striking distance of the T.A.A.C. line, in possession of the ball. Clear and loud the quarterback signals for a kick. The ball comes back to Dutch who punts it to the deadline for the first point of the game. Taking advantage of the high wind the boys from the hill kick at every opportunity and roll up a score of nine to their opponents' nothing. T.A.A.C. are bewildered, they look like a bunch of novices, while College at this stage of the game are playing like a well-oiled machine.

The first quarter ends. Toronto now have the wind and adopt the same method of play as St. Michael's, kicking on every down. But it profits them nothing, for the College half-backs are handling the ball beautifully and returning with almost equal success. A muff on the back division gives the Athletic Club possession of the ball on College twenty-five yard line. An on-side kick and fast following up secure them the first touch down of the game. The half ends St. Michael's nine, T.A.A.C. five.

The second half opened with the wind blowing a little less furiously than before. St. Michael's by a series of end runs work the ball down to T.A.A.C. ten yard line. It looked then as though the first quarter would be repeated.

With victory within their grasp, the greatest misfortune that could befall any team happened to St. Michael's. Dutch, the star kicking half, who had played a brilliant game all afternoon, whose dashing runs had brought the crowd to their feet, was accidentally injured and had to retire from the game. With him went St. Michael's chances for the O.R.F.U. championship. Four of his team mates sorrowfully bore him from the field. The big fellow hated to leave his team mates finish out alone what he knew would be a bitter struggle. He put his foot on the ground as though testing it, but it refused to bear him. They carried him off writhing with pain. The play continues with College still forcing but unable to score. The quarter ends with the score still nine to five.

The teams change ends for the fourth and final period. The wind is blowing a fearful gale. St. Michael's with the same dashing energy which won for them the Junior

Championship are still forcing the play and keeping T.A.A.C. on the defensive. The old saying, "It never rains but it pours," is only too true, for St. Michael's on this memorable afternoon. Matt., who has been doing the bulk of the kicking since Dutch was injured, is laid low under a hard tackle and has to retire. Imagine the predicament they were in—their half-back line miserably crippled—the wind blowing at forty miles an hour. No team existing could surmount such difficulties.

T.A.A.C. force them back on their own line and score two touch downs in as many minutes. Nothing daunted, the Collegians fight it out to the bitter end. I can see Jack Sheridan now, with his arms raised over his head, shouting "On like demons, we'll beat them yet." Buoyed as by a new fire they rush the ball even to the Toronto ten yard line. The whistle blows, ending one of the greatest and hardest-fought battles ever played on a Canadian gridiron.

Clippings

Rarely has a speedier or better kicking back division, or more consistent ready handling of punts been uncovered in senior rugby hereabouts.—*Globe*. (First T.A.A.C. game).

In spite of the great disparity of weight and age between the opposing players, the gritty young collegians played much the cleverer game and led by three points at the end of the third quarter. They worked together like a well-organized machine, and their tackling and punting bespoke perfect coaching and training.—*Star*. (Second T.A.A.C. game).

The collegians' speed was dazzling, and from full back to centre they looked to be the fastest team that ever wore uniforms on this part of the map. Their tackling was superb and they worked like a machine.—*Globe*.

"Dutch" Gonter shone most brilliantly, and he was easily the star of both teams. His splendid kicking, catching and running stamped him as one of the best, if not the best, half-back in the game to-day.—*Globe*.

Flying tackles were as numerous as sand flies on a July morning.—*Star*. (First T.A.A.C. game).

There was lots of fight still left in the lads, and in the closing minutes of the play the crimson were forced back on their defence mainly through a series of electrifying runs by Lockhart, O'Connor, and Harry Bellisle, the youthful quarter.—*News*. (Second T.A.A.C. game).

One of the marked features of the game was the sportsmanlike way in which the Collegians took their defeat, not a man being ruled off.—*Mail and Empire*. (Last Dundas game).

It was not only a delightful day for the spectators from the weather point of view, but they were privileged to witness one of the fastest and brightest rugby games of recent years. There was not a dull moment from start to finish, and the big crowd was delighted. The score looks one-sided but it is no indication of the game, for the visitors started in like a whirlwind and never let up. They fought every inch of the way and were always more or less dangerous. The College boys have fair speed, and in tackling have it on Dundas slightly. Once their runners get away it is not easy to catch them.—*Dundas Banner*.

Heard from the Side Lines

"They just kind of put one over on us." (W. Murray, after the game in Dundas).

"Come on, St. Miques." (Sheridan, with two broken ribs).

"Me, water-boy, Dundas." (Manuel).

"The finest exhibition of punting I have seen this year, and I have seen Binkley and Old Ben at their best."—(Referee Robbins, after the Dundas game, in reference to the work of Matt. Gonter).

Referee—for the fifth time.—"Stop holding in that scrimmage! Ten yards! Next time you go off."

Costello—looking around.—"Is it me?"

Sheridan.—" 'Tis you."

Sheridan—with an agonized look.—"Stop pinching me, Costello."

Second Team Player.—"Practice to-night, George?"

George.—"Of course there's practice."

Player.—"Every night?"

George.—"Yes, every night."

Player.—"Oh, not every night, George!"

George.—"I say, every night."

Player.—"What if the world should come to an end?"

George.—"We'll practice in hell."

Holland.—"That man's a gentleman."

O'Boyle.—"I'll make that first team or I'll eat my shirt."

Quarter-Back Bellisle, in the Parkdale game.—"Who wants to make the next try?"

McCorkell.—"I'll try."

II. Rugby Team

THE second team were entered this year in the Junior O.R.F.U. Though they did not go far in the championship race, yet they are to be complimented on the manly spirit shown throughout the season.

They are organized, not to win games, but to provide practice and supply new material for the first team. For the first game they gathered together quite a formidable aggregation and defeated Toronto Canoe Club by a score of 31 to 5. They looked then just about strong enough to defend the laurels of the previous year. They even whispered amongst themselves that they could if the team were left untouched, repeat the victories of the Junior Champions of 1909. Vacancies in the first team necessitated moving their best men up to the senior ranks, miserably crippling them. This was a hard blow to them. Disappointed, but not discouraged, they strove manfully on, filled up the gaps with raw recruits, and presented a strong front to the enemy. They had a line as strong as any in the league, but were hopelessly handicapped in not having a punter. Time and time again they were within striking distance of their op-

ponents' line, only to lose the ball for failing to get away the kick. "Give us a punter," they said, "and we will win the O.R.F.U."

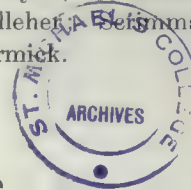
The Athletic Committee, recognizing the sacrifice they had made, rewarded them by taking them to Dundas with the first team.

Next year we hope to see many of them on the Senior team, and we can promise that if they continue to show the same spirit of self-sacrifice they will be a help to the team, and a credit to their Alma Mater.

OFFICERS AND PLAYERS

REV. M. J. PICKETT, C.S.B.	<i>Manager.</i>
GEO. FEE	<i>Captain.</i>

Team.—Full Back: P. Spratt; Halves: L. Hanrahan, G. Kirby, B. Doyle, G. Smith; Quarter: F. Hartt; Wings: J. Ryan, P. Maloney, E. O'Boyle, D. Smith, G. Fee, R. Kelleher. ~~Scorers~~ ^{Scorers}: A. Hogan, J. O'Leary, N. McCormick.





Hockey

I PICKED up the evening paper, settled myself back in a big easy chair beside the fire, lit the pipe and started to read. My eye unconsciously sought the sporting page. There, in heavy black type, I read "St. Michael's College Athletes Win King of England's for Long Distance Flying, Using an Eighty Horse Power Motor Constructed by E. J. McCorkell." Well if that doesn't beat the Dutch. When I attended the College on the hill we didn't play any of those children's games. For good, honest sport, where man meets man, where strength is pitted against strength, give me the time-honored game of hockey. I will never forget that team of '09, '10, and '11. To even think of them makes me fairly glow with enthusiasm.

In 1909 seven youngsters, fresh from junior ranks, jumped into senior company, and to the surprise of all, even to themselves, won the J. Ross Robertson



JACK SPRATT

Cup, one of the greatest honors in Canada's great winter sport. By their clean tactics, their wonderful team play and never-say-die spirit, they won a place in the heart of every supporter of good, clean sport in Toronto, yes, in Canada. Wherever hockey was played, or even talked of, St. Michael's were mentioned as one of the fastest and cleverest teams that ever played the game.

The year of 1910 saw them go through the entire season without a defeat. They again won the Senior O.H.A. and wrested from Queen's University the Allan Cup, emblematic of the championship of Canada. I will never forget that game. In my mind's eye I see the Kingston rink packed to the very doors with loyal supporters of the yellow and black, beseeching in agonizing wails their banded heroes to stem the tide of defeat. But all in vain. The wearers of the light and dark blue are slowly forging to the front; nothing can stop them now. They are all over the ice, checking back like wild men. Laflamme secures the puck, passes to Matthews who slams it into the net for



WILSON MATHIAS



EDWARD THOMPSON



WILLIAM FLEMING



JAMES GIBSON



WILLIAM RICHARDSON

ST. MICHAEL'S
COLLEGE
HOCKEY TEAM
(1904-1910)



JOHN GIBSON



JOHN GIBSON



JOHN GIBSON

CANADIAN
AMATEUR
CHAMPIONS
(1904-1910)



EDWARD THOMPSON



WILLIAM RICHARDSON

the goal that made St. Michael's Champions of Canada.

In 1911 there was but one change in the team. Jack Spratt, the star of the jnior team the year before, was chosen to fill the place vacated by Charlie Roche. They appeared even stronger than before and we looked to them with confidence to repeat the victories of the preceding year. With but little practice they invaded American territory, and by defeating the best teams in New York and Boston, proved themselves amateur champions of the world. They put themselves in a fair way to win their group in the O.H.A. series by defeating Stratford in Stratford. In this game and the two succeeding they were without the services of Thompson, the star guardian of the nets. This, coupled with the sickness of Jack Spratt, which kept him out of the game for the balance of the season, was the chief cause of their subsequent defeats.

In hockey, as in every other sport, it is not always ability to play the game which decides the ultimate winner, but it is the spirit of confidence latent in the heart of every member of the team. Thompson, with his big good natured smile, had always been a rock of strength to the defence. They knew his ability and relied on it. Jack Spratt on the New York trip had proved himself one of the best forwards and goal getters in the game. His untimely sickness was a big factor in defeating the world's champions.

By twice defeating Stratford they tied with Parkdale for the district. Interest was at fever heat in Toronto. A half

an hour after the tickets were put on sale the plan was sold out. That night we saw one of the hardest fought battles ever pulled off in Mutual Street Rink. Thompson was back in the nets. The ice was in perfect condition, the rink packed to the doors. Each team felt that its fate hung in the balance, and they played for all that was in them. It was hard to see the boys lose. Never for a moment did they give up hope; they fought it to the bitter end. Defeat which they had so often inflicted on others had now come to them. In the last five minutes they made one grand rally and would even then with a fair share of luck have pulled the game out of the fire. It was in these moments of defeat that we were proudest of them, that we felt that they were really a great team. It is an easy matter to be a good winner, but it is a test of true sportsmanship to take defeat gracefully. Immediately the game was over they acknowledged that the better team had won. They had no excuses to offer. But I can never think that. I still believe that if everything had gone right St. Michael's great team would have been champions of Canada for the season of 1911.

OFFICERS AND PLAYERS.

F. DISSETTE *Manager.*

W. Richardson, Captain, left wing; W. J. Laflamme, centre; J. Spratt, rover; H. Matthews, right wing; J. Dissette, cover; P. Spratt, point; W. Thompson, goal; L. Leseur, spare.

Cullings from the Corridor

Dowdall.—“Mr. McCorkell, I have permission to stay up till the first of May.”

Mr. McCorkell.—“You’ll be pretty tired by that time.”

Why did Father Powell refuse Donald Rose permission to go to the Archbishop’s funeral? Because the papers said, “No flowers will be received.”

Dave Smith (applying hartshorn to his mutilated face)—
“We’re martyrs to science.”

Glen. McDonald (with a black eye).—“I was never licked yet, but I found my mate.”

Professor.—“See here, this stuff has got to be gotten up. Go to your rooms and study it. You don’t answer a question.”

Willie Boy.—“You don’t ask us.”

Professor.—“It’s all the same. You wouldn’t know it if I did ask you.”

Manuel (after the first slippery day).—“I go out on the street no more. I fell two times—once in front of the hall of fire.”

Prefect.—“Well, thunder and lightning, the world must be coming to an end. Dave Mulligan didn’t go up for his medicine.”

Mr. McCorkell.—“Give me some matches.”

Dowdall (handing him one).—“I’m kind of short myself.”

Mr. McCorkell.—“Not if I can see straight.”

Who are “the learned theologians that flank me on the left”?

Hogan’s definition of a satellite:—“A satellite is a moon or blazing ball of light, much brighter than the sun, and shines generally at night.”

Guiry’s definition of an electro-magnet:—“An electro-magnet is a piece of steel, generally soft iron, around which there are a few turns of wire—about 500.”

First year Arts students were studying Biology. They had dissected a fish and were examining the liver and heart when the doctor entered. “What’s up, boys,” said he, “an organ recital?”

American Tour of St. Michael's Hockey Team—World's Champions

ST. MICHAEL'S College hockey team, Champions of Canada and aspiring champions of America, left Sunday on the five-twenty train for New York. The party was in charge of Rev. Father Carr, President of the Club, and Mr. Frank Dissette, Manager.

A happy crowd we were, too, pulling out of the Union Station. All of us looked forward with the eagerness of youngsters to seeing the "Big City" mantled in its Christmas garb. The run down fairly bubbled over with fun; all seemed filled with the Christmas spirit and bent on having as much pleasure as possible.

We landed in "Gotham" Monday morning. Like the proverbial country rube, seeing the Mecca of America for the first time, we stood with mouths wide open and looked up in wonderment at the gigantic buildings lining the paved streets on either side. We hustled our baggage to the hotel "Cumberland" on the corner of Broadway and 54th Street and set out to see the city. We rode on the surface cars, on the Subway, and on the Elevated, and on the omnibuses which puff their noisy way down Fifth Avenue.

Practice was called for six-thirty at the St. Nicholas Rink. Here the boys had their first experience on artificial ice. The only difference is that the skates do not hold so well and that it is harder to keep the puck from rolling.

We went down Broadway that night. We were a little dubious as to whether this much-talked-of thoroughfare called by some the "Great White Way" would measure up to expectations. It was truly wonderful; myriads of signs brilliantly lighted and fashioned in fantastic shapes cast their white glare on the paved streets before us. These Americans surely have learned the art of turning night into day. The restaurants, theatres and saloons were packed with the pleasure-loving throng. The street itself was literally lined with cabs, automobiles, and in fact every conceivable mode of surface transportation. Bewildered at all we saw, we went home.

The game was called for eight-thirty Tuesday night. When the wearers of the light and dark blue climbed into the arena, a mighty cheer arose. St. Michael's have many a loyal supporter down in this New York town. Old students from all over the state, and they were not a few, were there cheering lustily for the blue-shirted lads representing their Alma Mater.

The bell rings. The two teams come together. The puck is dropped between the sticks and the game is on, the game on the outcome of which depends the Championship of the World. Our lads realize this, and more. The honor of old St. Michael's, the prestige of the O.H.A., the greatest

hockey organization in the world, are at stake. Up and down the ice, they come, working like demons. Now Jerry LaFlamme, the Woodstock boy, has the puck, now Dutch Richardson, now Jack Spratt, "the blonde-haired phenom" as the New York paper called him. Five times they scored, and five times the New York throng cheered, for their clean play had won them a place in the heart of every supporter of good clean sport. The gong rings. Half the game is over.

"They are the cleanest and fastest team ever seen down here." "Their stick handling is marvellous." "Their shooting is wonderful." Such were the comments we heard on the side lines during the intermission.

In the second half, our lads outclassed the New York Champions at every stage of the game. They only scored one goal, but the puck very seldom travelled past centre ice. It was only the gilt edge work of Mills, the "Mercury Footers'" goal keeper that prevented the score being of the double figure variety. They banqueted us in princely fashion after the game.

On Wednesday morning a whole procession of automobiles, puffing and snorting, rolled up to the hotel. We clambered in and were whisked off at lightning speed, down Riverside Drive, which zigzags its path along the banks of the Hudson River, through Central Park to Broadway; then straight through the heart of the city we sped, across the Manhattan Bridge to the Crescent Athletic Club in Brook-

lyn. We inspected the club in lightning fashion and were on our way again headed for the Hippodrome, the theatre with the largest stage in the world. It would take hours to recount the wonders we saw there. Niagara Falls was so realistically shown that you could hear a whispered murmur all over the house, "Is it true, Is it real?"

The scene changes. We are on our road to Boston. After a six-hour run through the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut, we find ourselves anchored in the "Copley Square Hotel."

The game with the "Boston Hockey Club" was called for 8.15. We went over to the rink a little early to look around.

This Boston Arena is the largest in the world. It has an ice surface of 242 feet by 90 feet and is brilliantly lighted. The seats are ranged in tiers so that all may see without difficulty. The seating capacity is 4500, and that night it was filled to the doors. The Boston Hockey team, composed of "Harvard's" best Alumni athletes, were cheered lustily when they climbed into the arena. But when the little champions from Canada, fresh from their victory over the New Yorkers, skated on the ice, the very rafters shook with the echo of their shout. The band struck up "The Maple Leaf Forever." To be a stranger in a strange land and to hear the good old tune makes a fellow feel a thrill of exultation and enthusiasm.

The game started. The blue-shirted lads couldn't get

started. Their skates wouldn't hold, the puck wouldn't slide. The size of the ice spoiled the accuracy of the shooting. Twice the Boston Hockey Club scored, and twice the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" to the joy of our American neighbors.

The gong sounded. The two teams left the ice for the intermission. Things were looking a little blue just about then. But we did not give up hope for we had seen them pull many a game out of the fire before. The intermission is over. On they come again. A look of grim determination is stamped on the countenance of each. Jerry La-Flamme nets the first. Jack Spratt zig-zags through the whole Boston team and ties the score. The boys were going in their old-time stride now, and we knew it was only a question of how many. Matthews is the next to find the net. The score now stands 3-2. The Bostonians, seeing victory slowly but surely slipping from their grasp, make one grand effort and tie the score. But their strength is spent. St. Michael's score twice in as many minutes and the game is over.

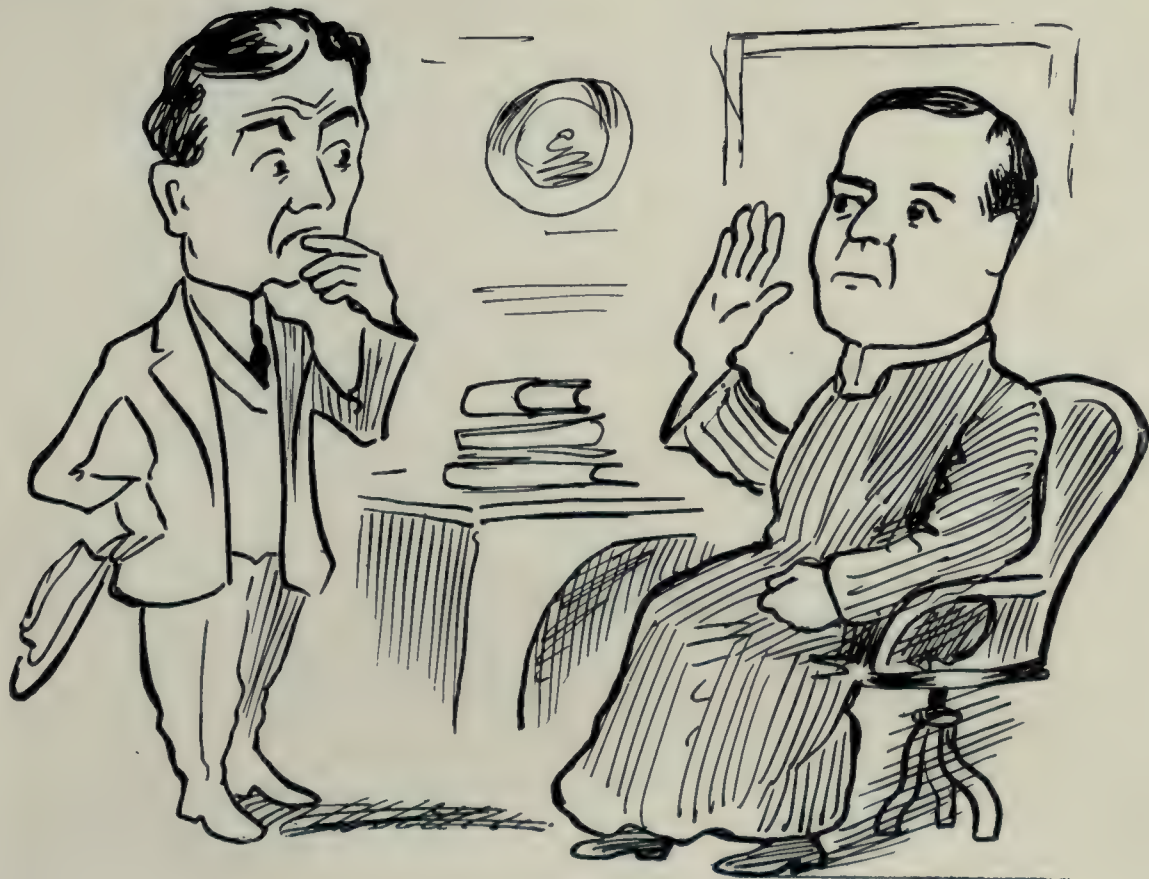
These Bostonians are a shifty bunch. They have learned the game well and are in the pink of condition. They only need a few things to make them a real good team.

The Canadian Club of Boston, proud of the way the boys had acquitted themselves, banquetted us in their club rooms on the following day. There they expressed in words the pride they felt, and complimented the "Wearers of the

Blue" on their clean tactics on the ice. Jack Spratt, the midget rover, came in for many a hearty hand grip, and as they gazed, still their wonder grew that one small boy could do all he did that night.

We blew into the Boston Station in time for the 5.20 train, and we surely did let that town know we were leaving. Pete Spratt, cover point and trickster of the crowd, neatly pinned on John Stormont's back the sign "Danger." You have to see John to appreciate him. He just weighs 300 pounds and stands six feet. Up and down the station he walked. The ladies smiled at him; he smiled back, raised his hat and bowed. A little lady with a baby in her arms, seeing the sign, fairly burst with merriment. Big John walked over, raised his hat and tickled the "little 'un" under the chin, and walked on. A brakesman on an incoming train waved his lantern at him. Again he bowed. He thought he was making a hit. Pete then gently removed the sign and John doesn't know even yet why we laughed.

When the Toronto train rolled in, it was a happy crowd that boarded it. We had had a good time in Uncle Sam's country. Besides we carried under our belts the Championship of the World. But there is something about this Canada of ours which makes us yearn to be back again. We pulled into Toronto Saturday morning. Many of us will remember this trip as the best and funniest of our lives. Ask one of the boys how he enjoyed himself; his face will light up and all he will say is, "It was great."



TURNUU DUVN

The Final Parkdale Game

(From The Telegram)

PARKDALE came through last night's final and deciding game for their district with all the honor and credit due real conquerors. St. Michael's got the ice they sighed for, fast and hard, and they could not stem the tide of the oncoming canoemen. The twice champion college team were beaten fairly by a better team under perfect conditions. It was 2 to 2 at the half and 5 to 3 at the close, and the suburbanites were that much the better.

Victors on slow ice and on fast, out-scoring the champions under all conditions, Parkdale must be awarded the palm. Handing the collegians the only two defeats they have sustained in their three years of senior O.H.A. hockey, Parkdale can in all justice claim every distinction that their victories have earned for them.

The keenest of rivals from their junior days up, the two battled last year in the finals for the J. Ross Robertson Cup to a deadlock and on the third game St. Mick's grasped the one goal that was necessary and won. It was fitting that if they were to be defeated it should be at the hands of their old and game opponents—and a better team.

There are no "ifs" and "buts." Parkdale checked the

college boys so closely as to make utterly impossible the famous combination and really marvellous passing and team play that has made St. Michael's brilliant style of hockey a byword throughout the length and breadth of America. They literally and actually smothered the students in their efforts at team work and forcing them to the individual style more suited to the heavier Parkdale seven, had them beaten there and then.

Not a single time during the entire hour could the Saints swing clear for a passing rush; not once did more than one at a time get in behind the defence; not a solitary time could the great little college line rush on the defence to bewilder them with that series of lightning passes that rendered them unbeatable for over two years.

Parkdale just snuffed them out, extinguished them, annihilated them by the kind of hockey that covered the whole college line like a wet blanket. Not for a moment did the west-enders relax their watchfulness; not for the bat of an eye did they forget the dangers of that fast-scoring student rush once they broke away clear of the opposing line.

St. Michael's has often before shaken close, hard checking teams and swooped down with dazzling combination on

the defence. They didn't last night. Richardson looked overtrained and did not play his best game, slipping badly throughout the first half, and on the other wing Ridpath had all the better of Matthews. The board-men of the college team failed badly in shooting and ordinarily wonderfully accurate and dangerous shots were off in direction all night.

Evans did not make much of a splurge, only occasionally flashing out, but he was doing good work in sticking to Laflamme like a leech, regardless of all else. As a partial result at least college centre had its claws clipped and in addition there was lacking that passing to centre for shots that have built up his reputation and won games. His wings were out-played.

Jerry has played better, or rather he has gone through games at top speed for the full hour. He did well last night, but there was lacking that sustained effort that keeps the belt buckled at the top notch for every second. Leseur checked well but was held tightly in any attempt at forward play.

Dissette and Spratt played a great defence but were prevented from dangerous excursions by the close checking and were in addition none too safe in going up with their line utterly unable to swing past the Parkdalers. It was rush and rush from defence to defence with something likely to

happen at any moment. Thompson was his best in goal.

St. Michael's were doing great checking themselves. Seldom was Parkdale able to beat their defence on a passing game. The goals were not in any case the result of clean rushes that by sharp passes got in on top of the goal-keeper. Parkdale did occasionally beat college forwards but never the defence on these combination rushes.

And they did relax. Several times they let their checks get away—often criminally. At that college had as many chances as their opponents, got in as closely but failed utterly in their shooting, at which Parkdale in Ridpath and Evans gave a great exhibition.

The Parkdalers certainly used all their might in checking and it told. The college boys were stopped effectually. They, too, got the man, but lacked the strength to make it tell in the long run. A tremendous amount of tripping, accidental and otherwise, was indulged in without penalty, Parkdale being the leading offenders.

The better and heavier team won and they did so on their close checking and better shooting from outside the defence. Both did a great amount of overskating the puck and missing passes, College being especially remiss. The rink packed full of people made the snow on the ice sticky and held the puck somewhat.

Clippings

Many fast Canadian teams have played here, but experts who witnessed all the contests agreed that the game put up by the youngsters was the fastest ever played in this city. They played like so many pieces of well-regulated machinery. Never once were they penalized and only once was one of them warned against hard checking.—*New York World*.

The St. Michael's College hockey team proved itself one of the cleanest, fastest and most aggressive amateur sevens ever sent down here from Canada. They are mostly small men, not one of them being over twenty-one years of age. They were fast and tricky, while their checking was hard, sure and clean. Their shooting was one of the features of the game. The puck flew off their sticks like a bullet from a rifle.—*New York Tribune*.

St. Michael's were unable to stand off the hard checking Paddlers, and as a consequence were put out of the running for the Cup. But the blue shirts have no reason to feel aggrieved. They have earned their share of glory. To win the O.H.A. championship twice in succession is no mean feat.—*Toronto World*.

You must hand it to St. Mike's. They died game.—*Toronto Star*.

Jerry Laflamme's whirlwind finish was the sensation of the game.—*Telegram*.

St. Michael's are down and out for the season, with only two defeats in three years' hockey. A most creditable record.—*Toronto Star*.

When the St. Michael's came out on the ice last night one man in the gallery was heard to exclaim, "What a bunch of runts!" Sure enough, they are all little fellows, but how those runts could play hockey. The particular bright star on the Canadian team was Jack Spratt, and as fine a hockey player as ever put a blade on St. Nicholas rink. Spratt caged the puck four times and outside of that gave an exhibition at playing rover that is seldom bettered by amateur or professional.—*New York Globe*.

It was not in individual, but in team play that College showed best, and their strength there marks them as again the team to beat.—*Stratford Beacon*.

One thing the St. Mique's team must be credited with and that is grit. Matthews, Richardson and Spratt took a good hard gruelling along the boards and never whimpered. Stratford was not dirty, but they had the weight on the College boys and used it to advantage. St. Michael's took their medicine like game cocks.—*Stratford Beacon*.

Newsday
Bulletin

St. Michael's Held at Stratford First Half But Then Broke Loose

St. Michael's Senior O.R.F.U.
Team Promises to be Strong

STRATFORD VIEWS OF GAME ST. MICHAEL'S LOOKED GOOD

Critics in Western Centre Thought
More of Champions than
Toronto Experts.

COLLEGE WAS TOO FAST

Wrought About Error But Speed and
Combination were Better on
Champions' Line.

ST. MIKES MADE HIT IN NEW YORK

Cleverest Team That Ever Played
on Gotham the Unanimous
Verdict.

NEW YORKERS BEMIDDERED

St. Mike's Dazzled Their Opponents
With Their Great Team.
Work Speed and Obstacle

ST. MICHAEL'S YOUTHS TOO FAST FOR LOCAL SEVEN

Canadian Lads Score Six Goals
to None in Game with the
Mercury Footers at the
St. Nicholas rink.

LITTLE JACK SPRATT STAR OF THE CONTEST.

Youngster Scores Four of the
Tallies Made in Cleanly
Played Game.

ST. MICHAEL'S WON OUT AFTER BEING BEHIND AT HALF-TIME

Champions Did Not Allow Very
Good Form in Their First
O.H.A. Game.

STRATFORD THE HOODOO

Great City Spirit Led at the
Half-Way Station by 2 to 0—
Details of the Game

NEW YORK HOCKEY TEAM VANQUISHED

St. Michael's Collegians Play Su-
perior Game on St. Nicholas
Rink Ice.

ST. MICHAEL'S DEFEATS N. Y. A. C. AT HOCKEY

Canadian Lads Score Six Goals
to None in Game with the
Mercury Footers at the
St. Nicholas rink.

ST. MIKE'S ALSO WON AT BOSTON

Canadian Rookies Went Wild
When the O.H.A. Champions
Came From Behind

LARGE ICE BOTHERED THEM

Once They Got the Hang of the
Rink St. Mike's Put It All
Over the Boston Team

St. Michael's Refuses Peremptory Order to Defend Allan Cup

Parkdale Defeat St. Michael's For O. M. A. District Honors

ST. MIKE'S OUT OF O.H.A. RACE, PARKDALE BEAT THEM 5 TO 3

Lost Year's Champions Again
Decisively Defeated by
the Paddlers

KEENEY ICE OF REASON

Parkdale Always Had the Edge
on the Collegians—Spirited
Game by Both Teams

ST. MIQUES AND DUNDAS WON OUT

College and Orismen Had a Battle
Royal to the Last
Minute.

THEN T.A.C. WEAKENED

N. Y. A. C. Outplayed
by St. Michael's Seven

PARKDALE OUTPLAYED SAINTS TWICE CHAMPIONS OUT OF RACE

St. Michael's Checked to Solen when
With Their Famous Combination
Rendered Unworkable

DISTRICT HONORS DECIDED

Scholarships Can Claim all Credit for
Double Win on Slow Ice and on
Fast—College Looked Over-
board

CANADIAN HOCKEY SEVEN WINS AFTER HOT BATTLE

ST. MICHAEL'S AND PARKDALE
COLLEGE AGAIN PICKED TO WIN

FINE EXHIBITION OF HOCKEY GIVEN BY ST. MICHAELS

Boys from Toronto Keep Specta-
tors on Edge at the St.
Nicholas Rink.

CARRY WITH THEM THE WORLD'S TITLE

St. Michael's Hockey Team
the Youngest to Hold
Championship

AVERAGE WEIGHT
IS ONLY 136 POUNDS

NEW YORK A. C. CHAMPIONS PREVENTED FROM SCORING

Princeton Defeats Yale 5-2 at
Cleveland in First of Three
Game Series.

Varsity and St. Michaels Tennis Win on Saturday

St. Michael's College Seven
Proves Too Strong for
New York A. C.

SCORE IS SEVEN TO FOUR

CANADIAN HOCKEY TEAM WINS EASILY

ST. MICHAEL'S WON LAST HALF
STRATFORD LED AT HALF TIME

CANADIANS' TEAM PLAY BEATS N. Y. A. C.

St. Michael's Skaters Give Splen-
did Exhibition of Hockey at
St. Nicholas Rink

ST. MICK'S REFUSES TO DEFEND ALLAN CUP TRUSTEES' ORDER

Peremptory Message from Hockey
Cup Guardians Receives Re-
ply from St. Michael's

PARKDALE HAS GREAT TEAM ST. MICHAEL'S WELL TROUNCED

Darvidson and Evans Played Magni-
cent Hockey Under Trying Con-
ditions and Beat Champions

TWO NEW SENIOR TEAMS VICTORIOUS

Wonderfully Clever Game!
Mike's Defeat the Toronto and
Dundas Swamp the Parkdale
Paddlers

ST MICHAEL'S SEVEN ROUTS NEW YORK A. C.

Canadian Collegians Uphold
Dominion Hockey Prestige
by Beating Mercury
Footers, 7 to 4.

Real Hockey Wakes Up Crowd

Amateur Champions of Canada Shut Out New
York A. C. Seven in Fast Game.



Junior O.H.A.

IT was not expected this year that the junior team would work any great marvels. There were but three of last year's team available, the rest were youngsters making their initial venture in O.H.A. They opened the season well, defeating Simcoes B by a score of 10 to 1. Simcoes retaliated by taking U.C.C. into camp. Things began to look a little brighter. We saw no reason why with this start they shouldn't win their district. But hockey is a peculiar game and as uncertain as a horse race. However, it was only the hardest kind of luck that beat them. They tied both games with the boys from over the hill, but lost out in the overtime periods.

These St. Michael's-Upper Canada games are recognized in Toronto as the games worth while in the first round of

the O.H.A. junior series, not because either team plays great hockey, but because they are hard fought all the way. There is no quarter asked, nor is there any given. They are each playing for the honor of the College they represent, and they each play with all their power and skill.

The bigger part of this aggregation will be available for next year, and nearly all are eligible to play for several seasons yet so we hope to hear great things of them in the future.

M. BENCH *Manager.*

Goal, L. Gorman; point, E. Broderick; cover point, G. Culliton; rover, H. Bellisle (captain); centre, R. LaRue; left wing, G. Servais; right wing, A. Lamore; spares, A. Shaw and J. Clements.



JUNIOR O.H.A. HOCKEY TEAM

The Northern City Hockey Team

IT was truly an interesting series of games that was played by our Northern City aggregation. Tie games and overtime struggles were quite in order, in fact but one game in the six scheduled was finished in the ordinary way. The championship was not won, but second place was captured with ease. The boys must be given great credit for the way they acquitted themselves, in spite of the many drawbacks, the chief of which was the uncertainty of the line up, due first of all to the drafting of men to strengthen the Junior O.H.A. team, and secondly to sickness. In six scheduled games we claim three victories, two were tie games, and one remained unplayed.

The chief value, however, which we attach to our North-

ern City hockey team is not the possibility of its winning silverware, but rather the opportunity which it gives us of training the younger boys to play the game. We likewise value the opportunity it affords the many boys who lack the skill necessary for the Junior O.H.A.

OFFICERS AND PLAYERS.

E. J. McCORKELL, B.A. . . *Manager.*

Basil Doyle, rover (captain); Mark Robertson, goal; John Mulvihill, point; Harold Babbin, cover; Isidore Guerard, left wing; Francis Hammond, right wing; Stephen Latchford, centre; E. Savard, spare; John McIntosh, spare.



NORTHERN CITY HOCKEY TEAM



Lacrosse

LACROSSE is steadily growing in interest around old St. Michael's. A lacrosse stick is no longer a curiosity. It is a common occurrence to see twenty or thirty boys attired like real lacrosse players practicing as though for a championship game. As for the game itself there is none better fitted for providing good healthy exercise and developing the ability to give and take with equal good humor. The prospects for this game are truly great here. It may take a little time for it to come into its own but there is reason to hope that in a few years it will be on as firm a footing as hockey. True, the season is short, the examinations close at hand, but these difficulties can be overcome by a more marked increase of enthusiasm on the part of its admirers.

The American tour scheduled for this year did not materialize owing to some miscarriage in the negotiations. But

next year we can promise, for we have it on good authority, that the Colleges across the border will be visited. Then the light and dark blue will be as famous in lacrosse in Uncle Sam's country as they are in hockey.

The record of this year's team is not the brightest, yet considering the short time they have been together it is quite a creditable one. They played but three games, winning one and losing two.

OFFICERS AND PLAYERS.

D. O'CONNOR .. *Manager.* .. G. KIRBY .. *Captain.*
The Team.—Goal, A. Lamore; point, E. O'Boyle; cover, N. MacCormick; defence, S. Duggan, D. O'Connor, G. Kirby; centre, I. Guerard; home, A. Guerard, M. Robertson, J. McIntosh; outside, J. Spratt; inside, W. Hamilton; spares, W. O'Connell, A. Callaghan.



LACROSSE TEAM



Baseball

IMMEDIATELY after the snow leaves the ground, baseball and mit are unpacked and lovers of the great game realize that their time has come to do something for the honor of old St. Michael's. For months before the yard is in a fit condition to play, the prospects for the coming season are discussed.

The first team have had quite a successful season. They defeated St. Mary's, champions of the city, and gave Eaton's all star aggregation a run for their money. It is a difficult matter to get games for this team. Their season is too short to enter them in a league, so they have to content themselves with playing exhibition games. The junior teams though playing but few games yet practiced faithfully all season.

The class league furnished considerable interest. The schedule was not completed owing to the fact that the University examinations conflicted with it. Fourth Academic

proved themselves the strongest team and would in all probability have carried off the honors.

OFFICERS AND PLAYERS.

Manager .. M. O'BRIEN. *Captain* .. J. CANFIELD.
First Team.—J. Canfield, catcher; J. Clements, D. Shields, M. Gonter, pitchers; W. Gonter, 1st base; J. Ryan, 2nd base; J. Kelley, shortstop; M. Mulligan, 3rd base; J. O'Connor, left field; N. Reaume, centre field; J. O'Halloran, right field; S. Reaume, spare.

SECOND TEAM.

Manager .. E. J. McCORKELL. *Captain* .. D. GORDON.
Team.—J. Sullivan, catcher; M. Robertson, pitcher; J. O'Flaherty, 1st base; D. Gordon, 2nd base; A. Guerard, shortstop; G. Servais, 3rd base; J. McIntosh, left field; H. Gonter, centre field; J. Mulvihill, right field; spares, G. Fitzpatrick, A. Lamore, L. Bourgault.



BASEBALL TEAM



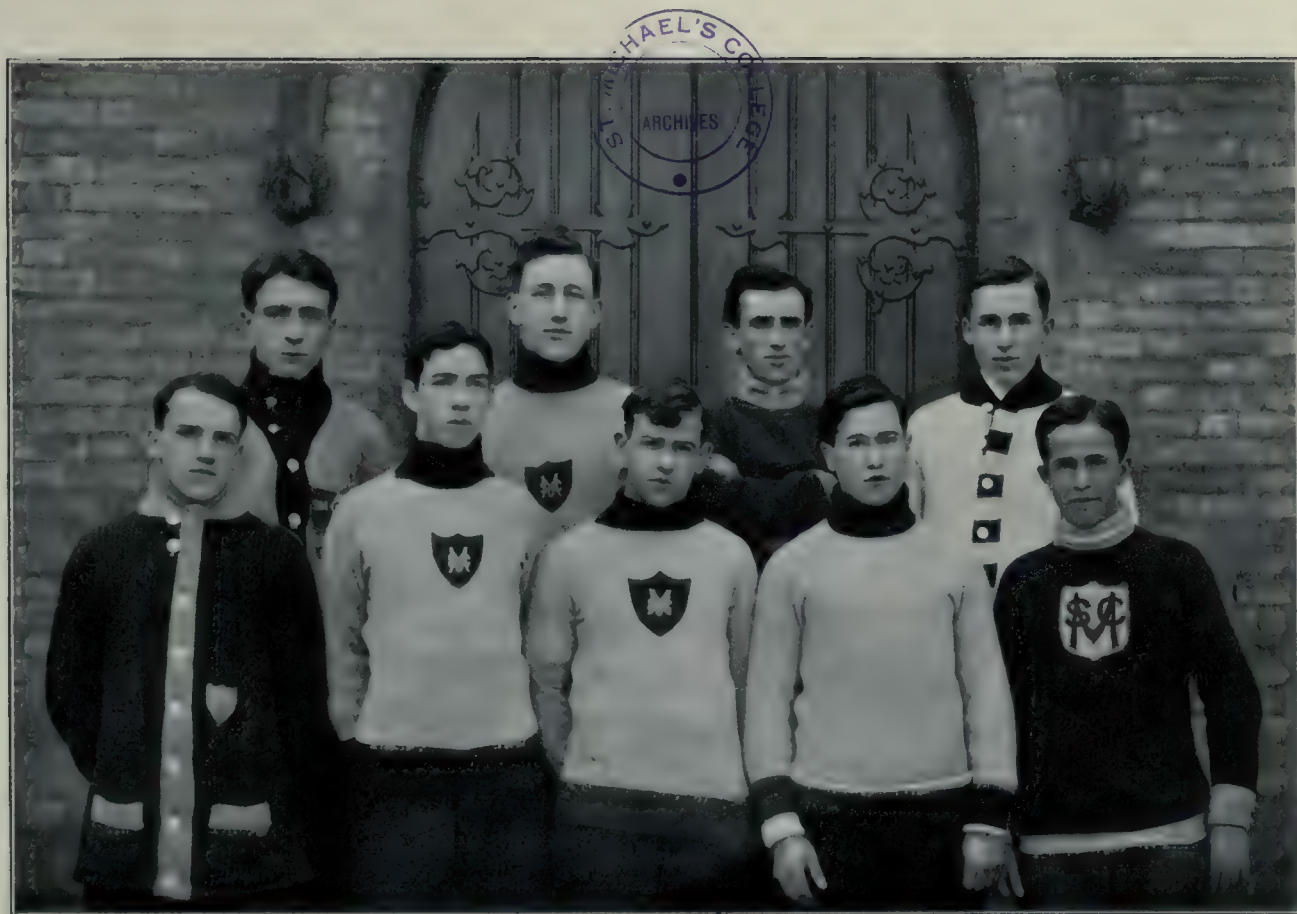
Handball

A NEW boy at College forms strange ideas of things at first sight. I was new, and besides very green, for I hailed from a little jerktown forty miles from Parkhill. To make matters worse, I came late, so I was the freshest of the fresh. Lazily lounging against what I afterwards learned to be the handball alley, I noticed a bushy-haired lad, who gave his name as Denis O'Connor, intently watching the game. It didn't look to me to be much of an affair, nothing like the old game of rag we played up home near the old town pump. I became curious and asked "Dennie" what he saw in that foolish game. He looked at me from under his shaggy eyebrows with a side-long glance of disdain, pitying my ignorance and angered at my lack of enthusiasm for this his favorite pastime. "What part of the land that God forgot do you hail from," he blurted out. "This is the finest game outside of ping-pong. You just ought to see the faculty do a ten second stunt after dinner to get an alley, with Father Pickett in the lead. it would do your farmer's heart good. 'What is there in

it?" you ask. Why my good Lord, man, open your eyes." "Do you know, youngster," he said in a half musing tone, "that we have won the Intercollegiate Handball Cup this year for the tenth time." It was an easy task this year. Victoria College were our only opponents, and we disposed of them in short order. It forms a bigger part in college athletics than most people are aware of. From the tenth day of September to the seventeenth day of June these alleys are crowded. As a means of keeping in condition there is none better. Between seasons, when the yard is unfit for even walking, this is our only outdoor recreation. "You had better learn the game, Rube," he advised in a fatherly way. "I can prescribe no better medicine as a preventative for the blues."

I took his advice and now I am nearly as ardent a handball enthusiast as Denis himself.

Teams A and B.—J. Ryan, J. Canfield, W. Gonter, M. Gonter, H. Gonter, H. Bellisle, D. O'Connor, C. Coughlin, manager.



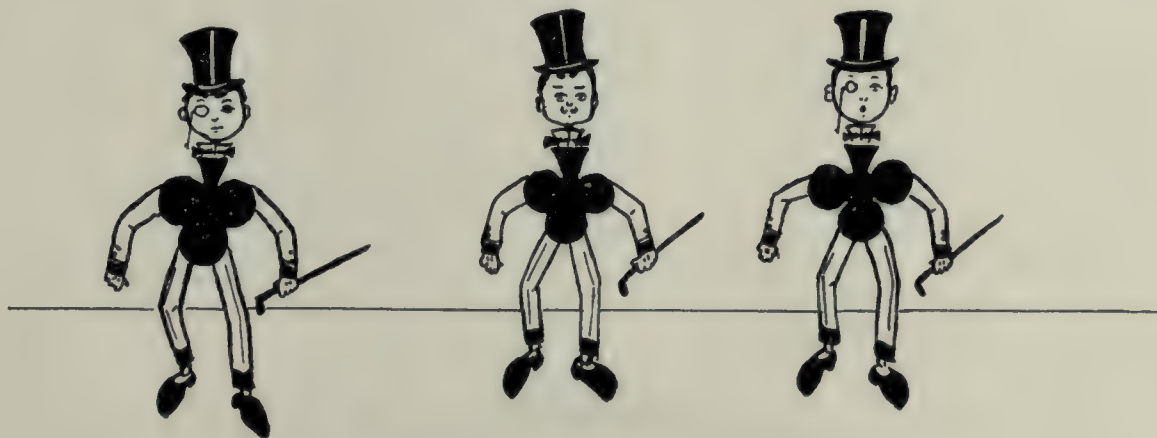
HANDBALL TEAMS A AND B

The "M"

THE athletic directorate has an announcement to make that should be of interest to all students of St. Michael's, whether they are of the past, present, or the days and years to come. Sentiment is a powerful force in the running of the world. In college life this is well brought out in the enthusiasm and college spirit strengthened by such seemingly trivial things as songs and yells. Holding this end as the first, the board has decided to present to those athletes worthy of the honor, a sweater crest designed in the College "M." The first object in view is to promote and foster a love and pride in the Alma Mater. The second is to reward those who have fought for her with honor on the different fields of battle, and to inspire others with the worthy ambition of some day winning one. It may seem a small thing, but it is expected to prove to be quite an important factor in welding students together and also in keeping our athletics on the present high plane, or even elevating them. It will be given as an honor and that honor will be just in proportion to the judgment shown in bestowing it.

The "M" will be given at the discretion of the athletic directorate. For the present year it will be confined to the fields of football and hockey as major sports. In years to come it may be extended to other branches—handball, basketball, track athletics, lacrosse or baseball—according to the judgment of those in charge. The fact of a student having played on the first team in a branch to which the letter is granted does not necessarily entitle him to it. It may be necessary in some seasons to make use of candidates who, in default of others are the best available, but who are not deserving of first team honors. This decision shall rest with the board. It shall be guided by the thought that no one should ever wear an "M" who could not do honor to the College and to it wherever he might choose to wear it.

The following students receive their "M" this year:—
W. L. Murray, W. Gonter, M. Gonter, H. S. Bellisle, J. Sheridan, P. Costello, J. Canfield, J. O'Connor, T. M. Mulligan, L. Gorman, S. Reaume, C. E. Coughlin, P. Quinn, B. J. Holland, E. J. McCorkell, P. Spratt, J. Spratt, C. McNeil, H. Andrews, J. McReavy, H. Wilkin, G. Lareau.



CLUBS

R.T. Clancy





REV. A. HURLEY, President of St. Michael's Literary Society

St. Michael's Literary Society

REV. A. E. HURLEY, C.S.B.	<i>President.</i>
H. S. BELLISLE, B.A.	<i>Recording Secretary.</i>
E. J. McCORKELL, B.A.	<i>Premier.</i>
B. P. FITZPATRICK, B.A.	<i>Minister of Publications.</i>
F. J. RIORDAN, '12	<i>Secretary of State.</i>
J. R. O'NEIL, '13	<i>Minister of War.</i>
F. M. McREAVY, '12	<i>Minister of Finance.</i>
R. H. DIGNAN, B.A.	<i>Speaker.</i>
T. M. MULLIGAN, B.A.	<i>Leader of the Opposition.</i>

THE past term truly marks the commencement of a new era in society life at the College. The experience of the years immediately preceding convinced the members of St. Michael's Literary Society that while the achievements of the past were not to be despised, still if interest were to be maintained and the work of the Society to be effective, a radical change was necessary. This change was effected in two ways. In the first place the scope or jurisdiction of the Society was greatly enlarged, and made to include not only literary pursuits but likewise the functions that properly belong to a debating society. This was equivalent to an amalgamation of the literary and debating societies, and it worked well. There was no diffi-

culty in providing an interesting programme, in fact one of the greatest problems the Society tried to solve during the year was the providing of sufficient time for meetings. Moreover, with the elaborated curriculum of studies in our arts course the time to be devoted to literary and similar pursuits is necessarily limited, and it has been our belief that if all the available time and energy were concentrated upon one society, which in a sense might include the work of others, a real live interest would more easily be maintained, and a greater degree of thoroughness insured. The success of the past term has shown this to be true.

In the second place the party system was adopted. This was done with a view chiefly to creating interest by a more

pronounced type of friendly rivalry. Never did an innovation strike such fertile soil. The attendance was from that time no longer a source of worry. Seldom has there been a meeting so well attended, so long drawn out, so replete with interest, so much looked forward to, so oft referred to, and so fiery as the grand party debate which closed perhaps the most successful academic year in the history of St. Michael's Literary Society. The change was indeed not the work of a moment. The idea was given practical form in the recent term. A provisional arrangement at the beginning of the year provided for the nomination of two men for each office as laid down in the constitution. The elections which followed gave all the officers except one to the party afterwards designated as the Separatists, which party was therefore declared to be in power under the leadership of Paul Costello, while the defeated candidate for the first vice-presidency, T. M. Mulligan, was declared leader of the opposition, afterwards called the Unionist party. But the change was not found to be radical enough. After careful examination of the constitutions of other societies organized on party lines, F. J. Riordan, a prominent member of the government party, introduced a bill to completely revise the constitution. In addition to specifications regarding nominations, elections, meetings, and duties of officers, the fol-

lowing are the chief features of the bill:

1. The officers—as indicated above.
2. Each party elects its own leader. A vote of the members at the autumn elections determines which leader shall be in power, and he shall choose his cabinet from his own party.
3. Every bill must receive two readings at different meetings before being voted upon.

The bill passed its final reading on March 21st, and E. J. McCorkell became the first Premier under the new constitution and chose his cabinet as indicated above.

The following is a summary of the year's work:

Essays.

- "Magazines of the Present Day."—Charles Black.
"Paradise Lost."—Edward Brennan.
"Cardinal Vaughan."—Basil Kingsley.
"Bismarck."—Isidore Guerard.
"The German Army."—J. R. O'Neil.
"Modern Warfare."—Charles Donovan.
"Shakespeare's treatment of Prince Hal's character."—
F. M. McReavy.
"An Adventure in Muskoka."—Basil Temple.
"Oil as Fuel."—P. J. Moloney.



ST. MICHAEL'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE



Debates.

1. Resolved: "That conscription should be introduced into Canada."

Affirmative.—G. Kirby, F. Hammond, H. Gonter.

Negative.—J. Kirby, E. Rainboth, J. Bennett.

Victory for Negative side.

2. Resolved: "That reciprocity is opposed to the best interests of Canada."

Affirmative.—F. Riordan, I. Guerard.

Negative.—J. Sullivan, M. Mulligan.

The debate was won by the Negative.

3. Resolved: "That the Navy of Great Britain has done more to make her great than her Commerce."

Affirmative.—B. P. Fitzpatrick, Charles O'Leary.

Negative.—George Howarth, A. Mogan.

The debate was won by the Affirmative.

In addition to the foregoing there were several party debates.

Bills.

1. To Amend the Constitution.—Introduced by Hon. F. J. Riordan, Secretary of State.

2. To enter the Inter-Faculty Debating Union.—By Hon. J. R. O'Neil, Minister of War.

3. To provide Names for Contending Parties.—By Hon. E. J. McCorkell, Premier.

4. To make provision for commencement of a periodical in the near future.—By Hon. B. P. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Publications.

5. On April 8th, the last meeting of the Society, the Premier introduced the following resolution: "Resolved, that reciprocity is for the best interests of Canada." The leader of the opposition introduced a counter resolution, and after a fiery debate of two hours the Premier's resolution carried by a majority of two votes.

The Mock Parliament, an account of which is on another page, was the grand finale of a successful year.

At a caucus of the Separatist party on May 10th, the question of a leader for next term was the absorbing topic. The Secretary of State, F. J. Riordan, '12, who during the past year has contributed much to the stability of his party, was the choice, and he has already taken up the reigns of power. The Unionist party announce as their candidate Mr. W. L. Murray, '12, one of the most aggressive fighters in the students' parliament, and they are confident of being called to power at the autumn elections.

The Literary Prize, determined by the votes of the members of the Society, was awarded to J. Ray O'Neil, whose record is deserving of such a mark of esteem, and we take this opportunity to congratulate him.

The Mock Parliament

Sir Wm. Tell (Speaker) .. W. L. Murray.
 Henri Bourassa B. P. Fitzpatrick.
 Diogenes P. J. Moloney.
 Josh Perkins W. M. Gonter.
 Orpheus, L.I.A.R., F. McReavy.
 (A wandering minstrel).
 Shylock J. J. Reilly.
 Bill Shakespeare E. Brennan.
 Baden-Powell (the Boy Scout), J. R. O'Neil.
 Nestor E. Dowdall.

John Dun Scot R. H. Dignan.
 Jack Johnson G. Kirby.
 Daffy Dan Dilly F. Riordan.
 Buck Craig (fresh from Holland), L. Garvin.
 Beattie Nesbitt B. Kingsley.
 (Disguised as Mrs. Bankburst).
 Sergeant-at-Arms P. O'Brien.
 Policeman D. J. O'Connor.
 Pages—Glen. McDonald, Jack Barker, James
 Sureda, Joseph Sullivan.

Seldom has such a group of noted characters, past and present, been assembled together as were present in the College Hall on Wednesday, April 19th. One would almost be compelled to waver in his faith and hold opinions with Pythagoras, as he gazed upon those departed shades of other days and heard them express opinions in a voice that history says was silenced long ago. Orpheus once more outwitted the watch-dog of Hades and was present with all the personal charm that legends of old attributed to him. Diogenes, too, still bearing his lantern, forsook his abode beyond the grave to return to earth. Shakespeare, too, with

his great production, Shylock, was present and proved that he had not forgotten the art which he ennobled some three centuries ago. One would almost be led to forget that it was the 20th century until he caught sight of Mrs. Bankburst and Bourassa, those abortions of modern politics. Baden-Powell responded to the roll-call and several other characters of renown met to transact important legislation.

Henri Bourassa maintained that he was the friend of the man with the big head—the friend of the poor man—and contended that if his policy were carried out “the rich man would be poor, and the poor man—well, he would be poor

also." Here the Nationalist leader was interrupted by Diogenes, who, wandering in from the lobby held his lantern in the speaker's face. "Voyant, Voyant!" cried the enraged Frenchman, as the intruder informed the members that he was looking for an honest man. "There ain't no such animal here," shouted the Sergeant-at-Arms. "Ah, here is one!" cried the half-witted philosopher, spying Mrs. Bankburst.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "my dear friend and dearest friendless (I believe that that is the correct feminine form of friend), hitherto we shall endeavor to consider things in—in—in the light of the silvery moon (singing interruption). Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, but of course you understand that music forms the essential attribute of every philosophically inclined mind—that is to say, it forms the whatness of it. By whatness, of course, I mean that quiddital entity which forms the basic principle of every substance. I hope I have made myself clear on this point, (hear, hear), for without grasping this fundamental dictum the science of abstraction into which we are about to leap would be an unending dim vista stretching to infinity, nay, even to the shades of eternity." The learned philosopher concluded his remarks in a musical strain, similar to that with which he began.

Josh Perkins, in the next speech, deplored the condition of agricultural studies in the institution, and read letters

from two of his personal friends, Reaume and Spratt, confirming the same opinions. He introduced a bill to provide for the encouragement of the noble art of fencing in furtherance of his agricultural policy.

"You know," said Orpheus, the next speaker, "I have been elected by the county of Kalamazoo, in which constituency music reigns supreme, (whistling, and hear, hear). I have come here to bring about a magnanimous reformation, and if such a reformation is not brought about I predict a fall greater than that of the City of Greece or the City of Rome." Nestor: "My learned friend is mistaken, Greece was not a city." The speaker then requested permission to illustrate his latest musical production, and in the same sweet strains that made the trees of old bend down their tops, and the watch-dog, Cerberus, stand aghast, struck up the Dream of Gerontius. In an instant his audience, the majority of whom were snoring audibly, in the hope that when they awakened some more interesting speaker would have the floor, took new life and gave him rounds of applause. Encouraged by this appreciation he announced his discovery of the art of teaching how to sing in three minutes, and requested that a normal patient should be procured. "Will I do," said Mrs. Bankburst. "No, I want a normal patient. I don't want a 'suffragist' yet." Presently a visitor in the gallery volunteered, and Orpheus made good his promise.



MOCK PARLIAMENT

Shakespeare introduced an important bill—himself, Bill Shakespeare. He had been touring, he said, in company with Mose Gorman and other artists, Ontario's leading centres, Campbellford, Drayton, Hamilton. In the latter place they played Hamlet (a case of one hamlet within another). I have been very busy to-day. This morning a young college boy by the name of David Mulligan, called at my office and asked me for the position of "Macbeth." "You know," he said, "Mr. Shakespeare, I'm a self-made man. I looked him over but didn't reply. However, I said to myself, 'he's a mighty poor mechanic'."

"But, let's down to business. I have written a new comic melodrama which I shall present on Wednesday next, when I hope to have the pleasure of your presence, and of that of all the honorable members. This play was written as a result of a sad catastrophe which occurred in this building a few weeks ago, when a certain well-known gentleman was struck with a deceased cat by a young student. The title is "The Fireman's Mystery" or "Who threw the Cat?"

"Just let me read you the first act."

"THE FIREMAN'S MYSTERY"

or "WHO THREW THE CAT."

Dramatis Personae.

Bob	College Fireman.
Micky	College Student.
Mark	College Student.

ACT I. SCENE I.—S.M.C. BASEMENT.

(Enter Mark and Micky).

Mark.—Alas, Micky, the noble cat's no more.

Micky.—Yes, Mark, it was a cat, take it all in all, I shall not look upon its like again. But we must avenge its death; you know it was given a dose of adversity's sweet milk—philosophy.

Mark.—Indeed, all is not well. I doubt some foul play. But let's to the undertaker—let's go for Mike.

Micky.—Aye, aye! This was the noblest cat of them all. He only in a general honest thought and common good to all made one of them. His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world (meow), "This was a cat."

(Exeunt Micky and Mark).

ACT I. SCENE II.—FURNACE ROOM, S.M.C.

(Enter Bob).

Bob.—Well now, to-day's the holy Sabbath, the one day in the week on which I'm free from those pesky kids. I'll just fill this b'iler and then go to church. (Takes up hose to fill the boiler).

(Door opens, Micky and Mark peep in).

Micky.—Say, Mark, let's skip along through this way to get Mike.

Bob (spying Micky).—Ha, there's that young Micky Mathusalem and that lad with the big mouth. Look at

Micky smile. I set it down that one may smile and smile and be a villain. I'll just break this combination. Hey, you lads, git out of here, git out, I say.

Mark.—Just a minute, Bob, till we explain.

Bob.—By jingo, git out o' here. I'll show you; I'll drown you. (Turns the hose on Micky and Mark).

Micky.—Farewell, Bob, revenge is mine. I am proud, revengeful, ambitious. Fire-eyed fury be my conduct now. Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me.

(*Exeunt Micky and Mark*).

ACT I. SCENE III.—THE SAME, 1¼ MINUTES LATER.

Bob (smiling).—I guess I put those young scoundrels out of here. I won't let another damned kid in here again. Nary another lad'll come around here carrying off my tools. Well, I guess I'll wash and go to Church. (Picks up soap).

Micky (peeking through the door).—All right, follow on, Mark Antony. Good morning, Bob, have you used Pear's soap. But please let us through.

Bob.—Avaunt, and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee. Hence, Micky, thou horrible shadow, depart thou shag-haired villain, do you wish another shower bath.

Mark.—Dear friend, hear me for my cause and be silent. We are on a doleful errand.

Bob.—Git out o' here, I say, I'll drown you. (Turns the hose on two visitors, who are completely drenched).

Micky.—Then vengeance, Bob; thine hour has come—

this has made me mad, so meet thy fate. (Takes the deceased cat from behind his back and hurls it at Bob, catching him beneath the left nostril).

Mark.—We stay too long. A double blessing is a double grace. Occasion smiles upon a second leave. It's our move, Micky. (Mark and Micky exeunt on the double with Bob following close behind in hot pursuit, with several carloads of coal in his hand).

Bob.—I'll git you rascals.

ACT I. SCENE IV.—LOCKER ROOM.

(*Enter Micky and Mark, completely out of breath*).

Mark.—Hurry up, Shorty, here comes our adversary. Let's get in this locker. (Climbs in the locker).

Enter Bob (on the run).—Ha, they came this way, for there's some of Mark's tobacco. But they're not here. I'll just report them. But I'll get them if it takes me a month. (*Exit Bob*).

Only a few minutes were spent discussing John Dun Scot's resolution providing for the introduction of white cheese with green stripes—awful nice stuff instead of prunes. The measure meeting with very little opposition.

Baden-Powell began with a vicious attack on Bourassa. "Sir, I object to the bill introduced by our gesticulating, cringing, obsequious, fellow-member, Bourassa, on the ground that potato-bugs are at the present time more tolerable than Bourassas. (Cheers). And now, Sir, since my Boy

Scout movement has swept like wild-fire over the Dominion of Canada, it exalts my English pride to learn that such an answering flame has been aroused in the hearts of the boys of St. Michael's College. Perhaps, Sir, it would interest you to learn how I come to know of S.M.C. Well, by jove! it was really accidental, y'know. I was taking lunch at the Empress Hotel, and after my consomme I called the waiter, whose name as I afterwards learned was Jean O'Boyle. 'Hie, up, there!' I exclaimed. When he finally reached my table I asked, 'Have you frog's legs.' 'Oh, no,' the blooming lobster replied, 'I walk like that because I play lacrosse at St. Michael's College.' (Loud applause). Needless to say, Sir, I at once made enquiries as to the whereabouts of the College, and find myself like a Gulliver with its yahoos in parliament to-night. Now, Sir, in view of the fact that the youth of to-day are the trustees of posterity, and recalling to mind the old truth that the battle of Waterloo was won on the play field of Eton College, I wish to bring in a bill to the effect that the blooming, brutalizing, blood-thirsty game of rugby be abolished, and that the refining, genteel English game of cricket take its place. What a boon for posterity is the day when we shall hear the chaps from Clover Hill raise the classic cries, 'Nicely placed!' 'Bowl 'em over! Bowl 'em over,' instead of the present savage howls, 'Get the man! Buck the line! Buck the line!'

Buck Craig became so rattled that for several minutes he could not speak. Finally he blurted out "Napoleon once said, 'England expects every man to do his duty'."

Baden-Powell.—"Invincible ignorance, Sir! Rip Van Winkleish inexactitude! Sir, even Dan Forestell or John D. Kingstone are aware that it was no Frenchman, but my Lord Nelson who exclaimed 'This day England expects every man to do his duty.' It was at Trafalgar, Sir, the St. Michael's-Parkdale game of English history—with of course an inverted issue."

"Well," continued Craig, "I was over at Holland's the other day. Ould Barney was about; pretty supple, too. He had been in a mix-up and sustained a fracture of the nose. It was great to sit up a broken arch of Barney's nose and view the ruins of Holland."

And now even Nestor smiled when Mrs. Bankburst arose. A strange, awe-inspiring silence seemed to foreshadow something more than ordinary.

"I was indeed delighted, gentlemen, and you too, Mr. Speaker, — I — I — (The suffragette was unable to proceed until the page brought her the billiard cue, and she gratefully kissed the little darling). "When that noble scion of an illustrious race—ah—ah—. "Oh, speak it out like a man," yelled the Speaker. "Diogenes by name, bearing in his hand the light of wisdom; having passed by all the illustrious members of this most worshipful

company of rogues, in his search for a man who in addition to his other innumerable good qualities is the very soul of honor, having passed you all by, I say, picked on poor, blushing, innocent me, to bear the standard of honesty. Therefore, long may he live, and far may he seek, but as long as he lives, and as far as he seeks, he can never make a better choice. Our age is an age from which the practice of honesty has well nigh departed. When we find even the Speaker of this august assembly stealing glances at the lady visitor, what can we expect from the rest of you?" Here the Speaker interrupts, "I demand an apology."

Mrs. Bankburst.—"Oh, he's going to apologize— isn't he lovely."

Mr. Speaker.—"It's you that must apologize."

Mrs. Bankburst.—"The gentleman should apologize."

Mr. Speaker.—"Then I shall see the suffragette after the meeting." (Cries of Oh! Oh!).

"But," continued the suffragette, "it is in connection with banks that I wish to speak to you this evening. I speak not of sand banks, but of those institutions with their gaping mouths, into which are placed day after day the hard-earned money of the sons of toil—wages earned by the work

of their brow and the sweat—by the brow of their hands —(cries of Oh! Oh!). People tell you banks need better protection. Heed them not. Have they not their presidents and their directors? What more protection do they want? The presidents are honest men, so are they all; all honest men. Suppose a director did go wrong, is not that man worthy of our greatest admiration? I appeal to my sister suffragettes in the gallery. If a director were here standing his trial would you not weep oceans of tears over the poor abused man? Would you not send him flowers? Would you not, in your womanly tenderness and soft-heartedness, petition King Edward VII. himself for his release?"

Here a policeman sprang into view, and cried out in a voice that stilled the crowded galleries into ominous silence. "In the name of His Majesty the King I arrest thee, disguised as a puny suffragette, Dr. Beattie Nesbit." The horror that this sudden interruption caused was greatly increased when the suffragette drew a revolver, shot the policeman, and withdrew from the presence of the trembling members with the remark, "This house is now adjourned, to meet again in kingdom come."

The Aquinas Academy

<i>Hon. President</i>	REV. A. E. HURLEY, C.S.B.
<i>Hon. Vice-President</i>	..	REV. J. PURCELL, S.T.L., C.S.B.
<i>President</i>	E. J. MCCORKELL, B.A.
<i>Vice-President</i>	B. P. FITZPATRICK, B.A.
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	J. RAY O'NEIL '13.

COMMITTEE

C. E. COUGHLIN, B.A.	E. BRENNAN '13.
M. BENCH '12.	A. MOGAN '13.
G. KIRBY '12.	

It suddenly entered the fertile minds of some of our philosophically inclined brethren that a society organized for the purpose of promoting controversy would add greatly to the interest in the lecture room, and perhaps be the means of eliciting original contributions to the first of sciences. And so in December a philosophical society sprang into being, taking its name from the saintly patron of the schools. Needless to say, it has been a huge success in every way, and though a start was made at a late period in the term, a very considerable amount of work has been done. The honorary members of the executive have done much in the way of example and advice, and to them especially the newly formed society owes much for its existence.

The Aquinas Academy is of course yet only in its infancy. That it is due to play a very prominent part in our philo-

sophy course may be inferred from the success which has attended it thus far. But it is capable of doing far more. It can take the place of the oral examination, which, though discarded in favor of the written, had many admirable features, a few of which are quite essential to an all-round student. Controversy will stimulate thought, will create interest, and make the student more practical. Original thinking can be encouraged without the fear of erroneous conclusions.

The chief difficulty that faces the Academy at the present time is the arrangement of a programme that will interest second, third, and fourth year students. Perhaps a three-fold division of the society would work better. However, some satisfactory arrangement will no doubt be made next term, and even the good record of the first year will be surpassed.



AQUINAS ACADEMY

St. Charles' Literary Society

OFFICERS.

President	..	MR. M. J. O'BRIEN.
Vice-President	..	GEO. FEE.
2nd. Vice-President	..	M. GONTER.
Secretary	..	E. BRENNAN.
Assistant Secretary	..	LEO GORMAN.
Curator	..	N. REAUME.

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES.

4th Academic	..	V. BYRNE.
3rd Academic	..	F. TIERNEY.
2nd Academic	..	LEO POWER.
1st Academic		GEO. FITZPATRICK.

*The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.*

Although very few members of the St. Charles' Literary Society burnt midnight oil in attaining the art of public speaking, yet the spirit of Longfellow's stanza has been admirably borne out. Enthusiastic meetings, the lively interest taken by everyone, regular attendance, all speak loudly of this; so that the freshmen next fall will not be raw recruits in oratory, but men to whom the days of trembling knees and fluttering hearts are memories only, and on whom the heavier duties of St. Michael's Literary Society will come as a work of pleasure. Again there is another viewpoint of the benefits derived from this Society, namely, the benefit which each individual receives for himself. When a

literary society gives a man the stuff to stand up and say intelligibly what he wants to, then it has bestowed on him a rare gift. The St. Charles' Literary Society is calculated to do this, and it has done it during the past year. Who knows what silver-tongued orator of the future took his first step to success when with faint heart he stood up to speak before an assembly of this Society? Would it be a wild stretch of imagination to say that pulpits and rostrums of fame are to be filled by these very men? No. Such things have been, and such things will be.

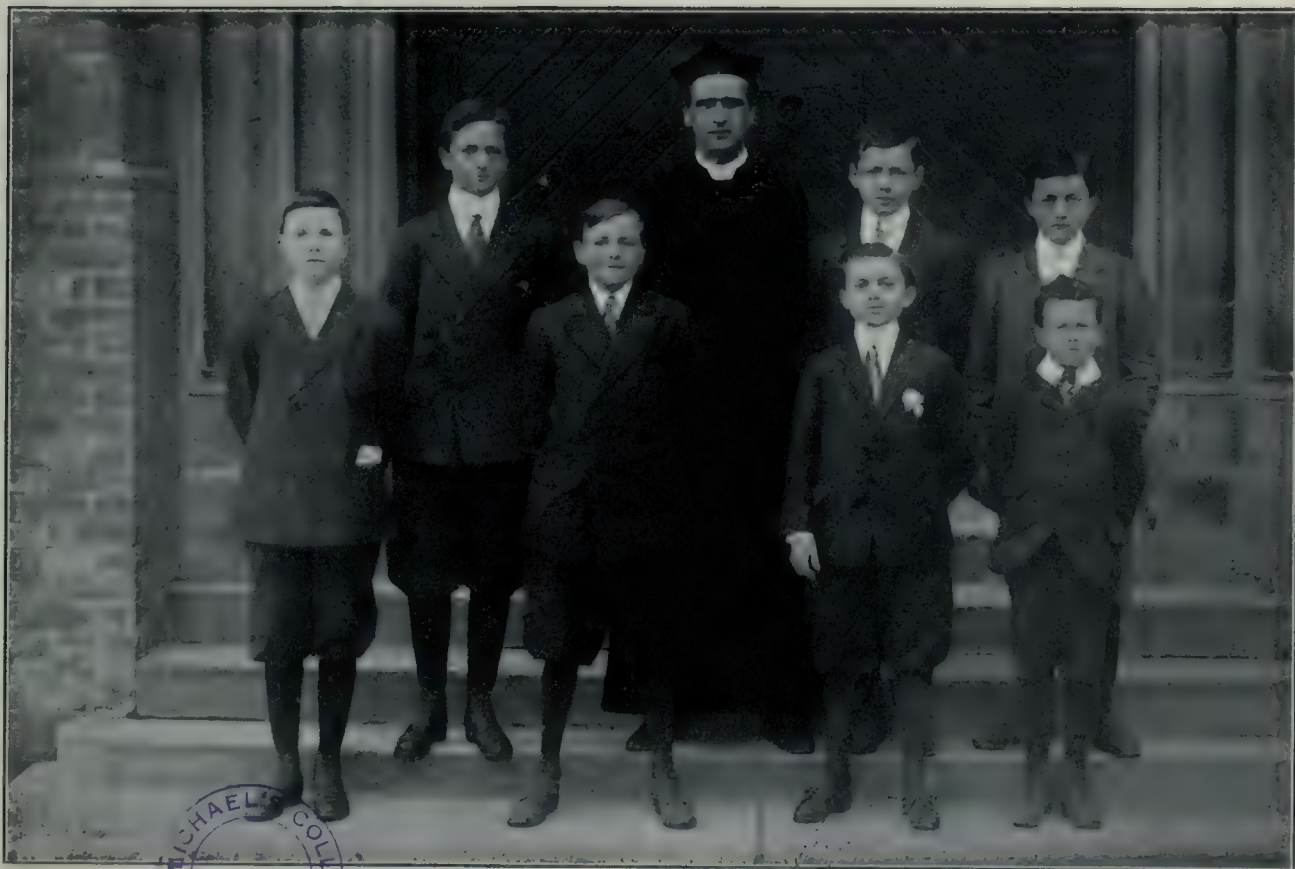
May the annals of the future leave as bright a record for the St. Charles' Literary Society as it deserves for 1911.



ST. CHARLES' LITERARY EXECUTIVE



B. V. M. EXECUTIVE



HOLY ANGEL'S SODALITY

Bygone Days

“**S**HOW him in,” I called to the porter, who announced a young man desiring an interview.

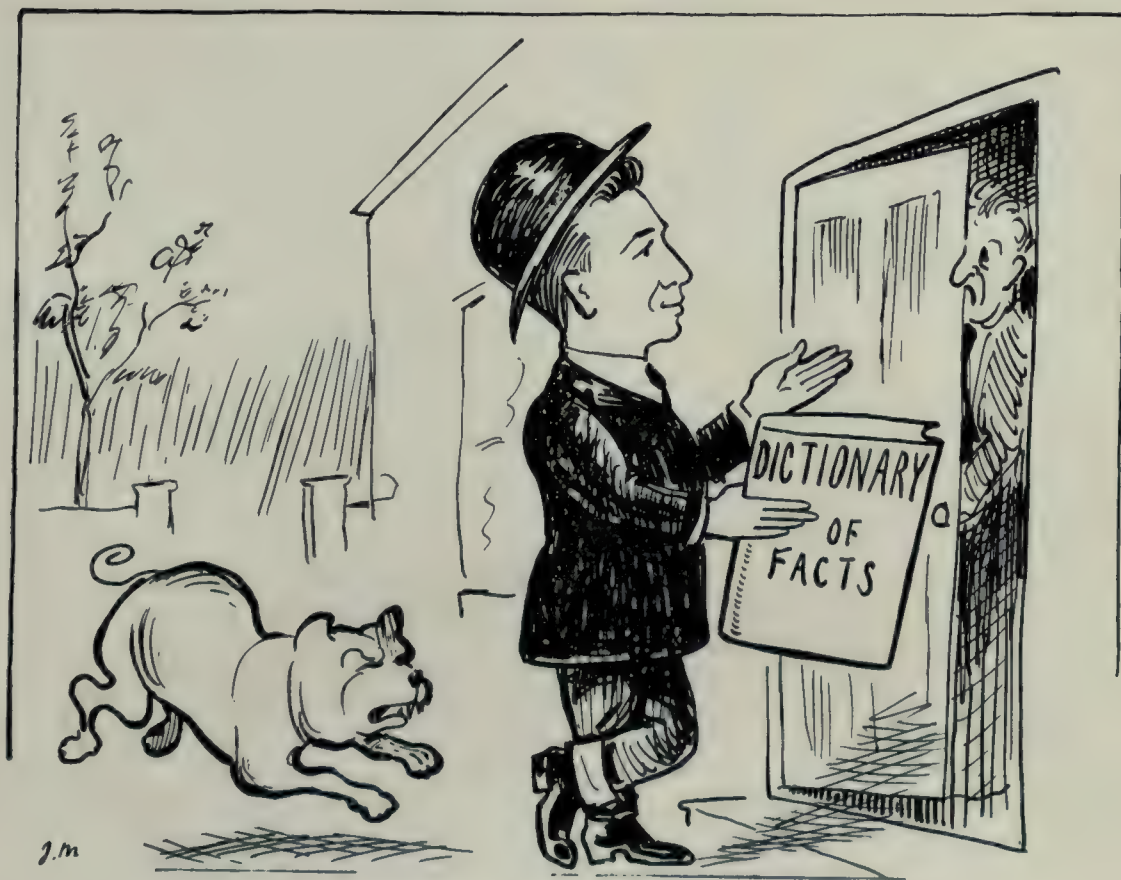
The day had been long and wearisome. I had experienced considerable difficulty in securing the first reading of my bill regarding the new inter-planetary terminal station, and I was somewhat nettled. Disappointed and perplexed, I had sought the solitude of my private office to consider the situation, when the above interruption took place. I am yet at a loss to know why I was so easy.

When I awoke from my reverie I beheld a young man standing nearby with a book in his hand and a forced smile upon his face. “Good evening, sir,” he began, nervously, “could you spare me just a minute. I have an important matter to discuss with you.” I had heard that remark before, and so remained perfectly composed, eyeing him closely, which of course greatly increased his nervousness. I thought to myself “Book agent,” but I did not have to wait long for assurance. “It is very important, sir,” he continued, speaking as if his one desire was to get through, “that a politician like you should be in touch with all manner of facts.” Facts—my suspicions were already confirmed. I was getting angry. “I have here,” he went along, “a volume entitled Dictionary of——” I could stand it no longer. I leaped up. He recoiled and looked as though he would thank me if I kicked him out. But a sudden recollection of my early days flashed vividly before my mind,

and my heart melted. “Sit down,” I said, indicating a chair. He seemed surprised, but obeyed.

“Forty years ago,” I began, “I left the sacred precincts of college walls, desiring to follow the time-honored advice—go west and grow up with the country. By the sale of a yoke of oxen my father was enabled to equip me for the journey, and in the role of a book-agent, with unbounded hopes of a fortune to be made, I turned my face toward the setting sun. The trip up the lakes was made to the joy of the fishes, both great and small, who feasted sumptuously at my expense, so that when I reached the twin ports I was glad to set my feet on terra firma. A day or so later found me in a little town of north-western Manitoba, with the corners of my mouth turned slightly downward. Still, I was resolved to take the place by storm.

“Well, indeed, I remember that first day of misery. As I approached the first threshold my courage failed, and I was greatly relieved when no one came to the door to answer my ring. At the next house I was more than delighted when the lady remarked, ‘It is a fine book, you ought to sell a lot around here.’ The next subject refused to come to the door, but carried on a brief conversation from the upstairs window—a very brief one I assure you, for I was the fourth agent—so she said—that appeared that day, and I really pitied her. But the day was drawing to a close, and I was determined to use all the art I could invent to land



HOW THE HOLIDAYS ARE SPENT

the next unfortunate. I gained admittance, alright, carefully circling the sleeping watch-dog. 'I understand, Mrs. Ramsdell,' I began, putting on my best smile as she fingered over the leaves, 'that you have three children attending the public school,' and I confess I felt like a fool to talk that way, but I had it off by heart and I must say it. There was no answer. 'Is Willie's health as good as ever? They say he was awfully sick. Isn't that too bad! I used to be sick a lot myself, one time.' This gallant effort still evoked no answer. 'They tell me that Jennie is awfully clever,' I continued, protruding my tongue about four inches. Here the agony ended, for a comely young maiden entered, apologized for her mother's deafness, and with a pitying smile ventured to suggest that Ramsdell's lived next door—good-bye. But before I got to the next door, and I tell you frankly I cannot understand where I got the nerve to do it, Ramsdell's had already been warned and the lady of the house was not in.

That evening, as I made out my report, I said to myself, 'I'll get out among the farmers. They won't charge me for my board anyhow, and if the worst comes to the worst I can hire out.' Well, it was a case of from bad to worse. It rained a regular western downpour that morning, and I got every bit of it. Then the sun came out and shone as only a western sun can do, and the mud became like glue. The farmers were no easier than the townsfolk. At the first gate two savage members of the canine family met me and

escorted me with deafening disapproval to the house. It must have been funny to see me looking back; now over the left shoulder, and again over the right, wondering which monster would tear me first. The farmer seemed to think it funny at any rate. The next farmer suddenly remembered that he couldn't speak English, and though I had the desire I lacked the courage to give him any genuine Anglo-Saxon appellation. One fellow was moving, the next had just been burnt out, and so on. One farmer I will never forget. He was so enraged at me that I could have thanked him to set the dog on me and let me go. He said that he bought a book from an agent the year before and he used it to get a prescription for a sick colt. But the colt died—woe the day. He had no more use for agents.

Well, I made up my mind that the sooner I started for the East the better. I purchased my ticket for Duluth and had a few cents left to sustain life for the time of passage, which, if I rightly remember, was thirty-six hours. Unfortunately, however, the train broke down on the prairie, causing a delay just long enough for the bush fire to overtake us. I can hardly understand how I lived through it all, but when Duluth was reached the conductor had to trust me for car fare.

"Yes, I will take a book, friend," I said, "though I am not yet aware of its nature, and I will also add, hoping that you will not fail to interpret my meaning, that you ought to sell a lot around here."

E. J. M.





E. JULES BRAZIL

Music

As one walks along the corridors of St. Michael's College during the hours of recreation, he can hear coming from the various music rooms the tinkle of the pianos, the tones of the violin, or the voice of a singer, and each day and night finds the many music students working to the best of their ability to increase their musical knowledge. St. Michael's has always been extremely musical, and almost every student assists in some way in the Sanctuary Choir, Vesper Choir, or Monthly Entertainments, etc., and consequently the spirit of music extensively prevails.



the many recreative periods, whilst the professor of music is always at their disposal, an advantage not to be found in every educational institution, and certainly a great boon

PIANOFORTE.

The piano-forte department has been successful in every way this year and each student from junior to senior has worked hard, and made good use of the unequalled advantages which the College gives to music students, the course of tuition being so arranged as to form a pleasant duty during

to the ambitious pupil. The course is entirely one of individual tuition, the desires of each student being carefully considered, and the nature of his studies arranged accordingly. Those successful this year are: Claude Barker, John Barker, Lucien Bourgault, Harold Babbitt, George M. Eichele, George Enssers, John Easton, Bernard Fitzpatrick, George Fitzpatrick, John Flanagan, Leo Gorman, Francis Hammond, Layton Hanrahan, John H. Jewell, Walter Kerwin, Gaston Lafleur, Thomas B. Marion, John McIntosh, Douglas Macdonald, John O'Flaherty, Desmond O'Boyle, J. Ray O'Neil, James Phair, Clarence Tipping, Vital Trembly.

VOICE CULTURE.

A college boy's voice is as a rule in its breaking period, and consequently not always matured sufficiently to permit training. But we have had some well developed voices this year, and those successful in their voice training were: Mr. Wm. L. Murray, Bernard Fitzpatrick, David M. Mulligan.

VIOLIN.

The department of violinists is one which is growing rapidly, and is under competent management and tuition. Those successful this year are: John A. Post, Joseph Mendiola, Leo Rathwell.



SANCTUARY CHOIR.

This Choir, which has established such a splendid reputation, commenced this year with an entirely new membership, almost every one of last year's singers being either transferred to other Basilian Colleges or on this year's Faculty of St. Michael's College, consequently the present body of choristers have not been able to reach the state of competency and advancement which our last year's choir realized. Yet the work has been on the whole very creditable and done to the best of each singer's ability and we hope during the term of 1911-12 to repeat the unbounded success of the past. The chanters this year have been Mr. William Murray, who had eventually to resign through his pressing duties as Assistant Prefect, then Bernard Fitzpatrick, and finally Leo Gorman. Each chanter filled his position most admirably, and the members of the choir must here be congratulated on their regular attendance at rehearsals, which are always under the instruction of the College Musical Director.

VESPER CHOIR.

The requirements of the Vesper Choir are not in any way heavy, but the members have acquitted themselves very satisfactorily this year, although the strength has decreased somewhat in comparison with that of last year.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

We here come to speak of an item on the College calendar which is eagerly looked for and enjoyed by every student in St. Michael's, and that is the monthly entertainments; each month bringing a new form of amusement and the introduction of new talent into the vocal and histrionic art. Even Silvester Nicholson proved to be a droll humorist and created a furore in the May entertainment when he appeared a la Jack Smile and sang an adaptation by Mr. Brazil entitled "Months, and months, and months." It was certainly the biggest surprise that happened for months, and months, and months, and to mark the occasion we publish on another page of this book the words of the song his angelic voice rendered. Manuel Mendiola deserves congratulations also for his singing for the first time in English an adaptation specially written for him entitled "Since Ragtime Came to S.M.C." A first class orchestra has always been a great assistance to





SANCTUARY CHOIR

the success of our entertainments this year, they playing the orchestral accompaniments written by the music master for each performer's song; a feature of their work at the concerts being a medley of the latest songs, specially written each month, just sufficient to set every boy humming or whistling. Yes, we've had some real good times and we

will have more and no doubt better next year.

In conclusion it can be safely said that our Musical Department has been full of energy since September the Seventh, Nineteen Hundred and Ten, to the Seventeenth day of June, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven, and next scholastic year will find it busier than ever.

College Songs

BOOZER BROWN

There's a red light on the track for Boozer Brown, Boozer Brown;
There's a red light on the track for Boozer Brown;
There's a red light on the track,
'Twill be there when we come back;
There's a red light on the track for Boozer Brown.

Chorus:—

As we go marching, and the band begins to play,
Hear the people shouting, "S.M.C. are sure to win to-day";
Singing Tra-li-a-li-a-li-a-li-ay, a-li-ay;
Singing Tra-li-a-li-a-li-a-li-ay;
Singing Tra-li-a-li-ay, singing tra-li-a-li-ay;
Singing Tra-li-a-li-a-li-a-li-ay.

We're the boys from old St. Michael's, on the hill, clover hill;
We're the wearers of the famous two old blues;
There's no College in the land
That can ever make a stand
Against the boys of dear old S.M.C.

Chorus.

THE TWILIGHT GLOW

We'll gather in the twilight glow,
Around old S.M.C.;
In all the world no other place
So fair, so dear, to me.

Chorus:—

Oh, S.M.C.! Oh, S.M.C.!
For thee our voices raise,
While loyal hearts, and loyal lips,
Are here to sing thy praise.

And years to come shall never dim
Fond memories so dear,
But oft we'll live the scenes again
We lived so happily here.

Chorus.

"For Months, and Months, and Months"

(Featured by Sylvester Nicholson in our May Entertainment)

When I came out of class to-day, I didn't know what to do,
So I thought I'd call on Mr. Brazil, just for a minute or two;
I went into his room, and before I'd been there long,
He quickly fixed it up that I should sing this little song;
And I don't suppose I'll sing it again,
For months, and months, and months;
No, I don't suppose I'll sing it again,
For months, and months, and months;
In all my life before I never sang it once,
And I don't suppose I'll sing it again,
For months, and months, and months.

I used to know a painter once, who had no sense of pain,
If he tumbled off a roof, he'd climb upon that roof again;
He got a job from Father Hayes, to paint the Jew's abode,
But he tumbled out the window, and he landed in the road;
And I don't suppose he'll tumble again,
For months, and months, and months;
No, I don't suppose he'll tumble again,
For months, and months, and months;
It's over a year and a half, and he only tumbled once,
And I don't suppose he'll tumble again,
For months, and months, and months.

Ray O'Neill he learnt to swim, across at Varsitee,
And I heard him say, one summer's day, he'd "swim across the sea";
He said he only meant to try and do it for a lark,
But, strange to say, when he dived in he came across a shark;
And I don't suppose he'll swim it again,
For months, and months, and months;
No, I don't suppose he'll swim it again,
For months, and months, and months;
In over an hour and a half it only bit him once,
And I don't suppose it'll bite him again,
For months, and months, and months.

Stanley Reaume said to me, one Wednesday afternoon,
He'd like to try his luck in going up in a balloon;
The funny part about it, that made his colleagues stare,
Though Stan. came down himself, the balloon remained in the air;
And I don't suppose he'll go up again,
For months, and months, and months;
No, I don't suppose he'll go up again,
For months, and months, and months;
In all his life before he'd been "up in the air" but once;
And I don't suppose he'll go up again,
For months, and months, and months.

As I went to the yard to-day I didn't feel quite sound,
So I thought I'd have a nickle's worth of something at the pound;
Said I to Eddie Brennan, "Give me something to make me fat,"
So he handed me some bis-cu-its, which bore the name of Spratt;
But I won't go near the candy pound,
For months, and months, and months;
No, I won't go to the candy pound,
For months, and months, and months;
It really is no lark, for I fear I want to bark,
So I won't go near the candy pound,
For months, and months, and months.

One Saturday afternoon just as the bell went half-past one,
I came down from the washroom with my very best clothes on,
I went and asked permission to go and see my sister Sue;
"Alright," said Father Powell, "but be back at half-past two";
And I don't expect to get out again,
For months, and months, and months;
No, I don't expect to get out again,
For months, and months, and months;
My watch got in a mix, and I didn't return till six;
So I don't expect to get out again,
For months, and months, and months.

—E. J. B.

The Annual Retreat

“RETREAT” is a word which brings up sweet and happy memories to the student of a Catholic College; and at St. Michael’s we are not wanting in our love for those three days—truly three days of grace. It comes as an oasis of spiritual refreshment to strengthen and revive the weary soul in its journey up the steep and narrow way.

The evening of May the twenty-fourth saw the opening of this year’s retreat under the direction of Father Command.

CONFERENCE I.

The first rule of every retreat is silence. For hundreds of years this rule of silence has been the one absolute necessity of every retreat. Let each one then make up his mind to keep it inviolate. Our Lord, besides being perfect God, is perfect man, and hence is a perfect gentleman; He will not interrupt us in our conversation, and once we have refused to listen, He may not come again. If on the other hand this rule is kept, we may rest assured that on Sunday morning God’s grace will be with us. The Retreat is a time

of special grace, and we must take advantage of it. We cannot remain indifferent, for at the end we will be better or worse; there *will* be a change.

Now is the time to bring home to ourselves that lamentation of the prophet Jeremiah: “With desolation the earth is made desolate because no one thinketh in his heart.” Knowledge alone never yet obtained salvation for a single individual, and it never will; it must come through meditating and “dreaming” on catholic subjects. The essential part of the Retreat is that each individual meditate on the subjects presented for meditation.

Let us remember our Lord’s loving admonition to Martha: “Martha, Martha, thou art careful and art troubled about many things,” one thing only is necessary—the salvation of our immortal souls. “What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” “What can a man give in exchange for his soul?”

From within we hear the questions: Whence came we? To whom do we belong? Whither are we going? The answer is found in the words of St. Augustine: “Tu fecisti

nos ad te, Domine, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te."—"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our heart is not at rest until it rest in Thee." Or, again, the words of Addison: "Plato, thou reasonest well, else why this longing after immortality."

Thursday morning inaugurated the various exercises of retreat life—morning prayer and meditation on the sermon of the previous evening; Holy Mass; visit to the Blessed Sacrament; particular examination, and again another subject for meditation.

CONFERENCE II.

"The day has been long and dreary. No sun has pierced the fog for seven days. It is a cold, rainy night in London. Hither and yon we see people hurrying homeward; but we bend our steps toward the most repulsive part of the city—the Whitechapel district. We enter an old dingy house and ascend a flight of broken stairs; another still we climb, and still another. The garret is reached, we open a door and there in the dim flickering of the smoky gas light we see a low couch and on it lies a dying man; everywhere is filth and vermin. As we come near the pallet the human form arises, and in delirium, and with the strength of fever, he shouts the quick sharp orders of a soldier; now he tells the men to follow him; now he warns them to fire coolly, and with a final 'charge!' sinks back exhausted on the couch.

Again, as we approach, the heat of fever arouses him once more, he implores us not to strike him; with this last effort Benedict Arnold, the traitor, is silent forever."

We have no human sympathy for this dead man—he betrayed his Fatherland; only in Christian charity do we forgive him. Treason is the only crime that humanity will not forget; death is the lot of the traitor in every country.

And yet, are we not guilty of treason? Have we not betrayed our King by mortal sin? Then in strict justice we must merit eternal death.

From its consequences we can see the awful malice of mortal sin. The first sin was a sin of thought, when Lucifer, the greatest of created intellects, proclaimed his "Non Serviam," "I will not serve," to the heavenly court. What must have been its malice since Hell was its result. What reason have we to expect more than those who are in hell for one mortal sin.

Let us remember, then, with the Fathers, that only a certain amount of grace is given to each one. It may be that we have committed the last mortal sin of which we shall have the grace of repentance—one more committed might result in our eternal damnation.

CONFERENCE III.

Consider the words of the wise man: "Son, remember

thy last end and thou shalt never sin." "It is appointed unto all men once to die." There is nothing more certain than death; no one escapes or has escaped it; it is the common lot of all. We may escape every other calamity of life; it we cannot escape. And as nothing is more certain than death, on the other hand nothing is more uncertain than the time or manner of its visitation. Infancy, youth, manhood, old age—none are proof against it. It comes when we least expect it, no matter how well prepared we are. Let us then take heed to the words of our Lord: "Be ye always ready."

We must not trust to a death-bed repentance, for according to human judgment it is not worth the energy put forth in its making. Witness to this is found in the case of the woman who was not a good Catholic. She was stricken with sickness, and in her agony called for the priest. He came and reconciled her with God, which of course implied her living according to God's law in the event of her recovery. Health returned and with it the neglect of her duties to her Maker. Here was a death-bed repentance. God's mercy is infinite, nevertheless, human judgment draws dark conclusions from such repentances. "As the life hath been so shall be the end." Our surest course then is to follow the words of the Master, "Be ye always ready," and the manner and hour of death will make no difference. If we lead a good life in *trying* to follow God's holy law, we cannot

have an unhappy death.

CONFERENCE IV.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment." It is not death itself, but it is the judgment that fills us with fear and trembling; and well it may. Things will appear then in a new light, to the soul freed from all materiality. There we shall stand before God with nothing but the merits and demerits of this life. On one side will be our Angel Guardian; on the other side our Arch Enemy, Satan—the prosecuting attorney in that awful trial. First the Angel, who has watched us from the beginning of our existence, will stand forth and plead for us. He shall tell in eloquence angelic all the good that we have done; attributing our mistakes to the weakness of human nature. Satan then will set forth his charges; he shall show how, time and again, we have turned our backs on God, and how, in the Light of Eternal Justice, we belong to him. Finally, the Judge Himself will give His decision. Consider the awful suspense before it is pronounced, and then the eternal joy or sorrow when our eternity is fixed.

CONFERENCE V.

Hell is an unattractive subject and yet it is all-important that we consider it. The world says there is no Hell, but

justice demands it. Picture to ourselves the Death Angel hovering over a hospital about to summon two persons to Eternity. One is a young girl whose baptismal robes are unsullied by any taint of mortal sin, whose life is marked by acts of virtue; the other is a man past middle life who has wallowed in the mire of iniquity, and whose record is one long purple stain of offences against God. Do these two deserve the same eternity? Is it reasonable to think that they will be in the same abode forever? On the other hand, Christ has told us there is a Hell and it is for all eternity. Every desire of the human heart, in this last analysis, is for God: even in this life the thought of not attaining our last end fills us with horror. How much greater will be that horror when our intellect, after death, sees things in their true light. This separation from God is the essence of Hell. "Depart from Me," is a terrible sentence.

Thus far the subjects of our consideration have been the negative means of perfection. These do not give us any positive help, but only spur us on to take the direct ways to the higher life. Now we undertake to study those real positive assistances for the attainment of our last end. Christ, because He is perfect God, adopted the best possible means. They must be two-fold—those which destroy sin already in the soul, and those which take away the causes of sin.

CONFERENCE VI.

In speaking to the Apostles our Lord says: "As the Father has sent Me, so also I send you." The Father had sent Him with full power; He also sends the Apostles with full power. Again speaking to them the Master says: "I will give to you the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound also in Heaven; whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." Now there is only one thing that can be loosed and bound both in Heaven and on earth, and it is sin. But, in order that there be absolutely no room for doubt on this point, He again says, "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain they are retained." He gives them a discriminating power and hence they must exercise the work of a Judge. Who can tell better than myself what I have done? Therefore I must make my own confession; I must tell my sins to God's appointed minister. It is a hard means, no one likes it, nevertheless it is the means Christ has given us and I must take it.

CONFERENCE VII.

The Apostles are gathered in the upper chamber to celebrate the Feast of the Passover; it is the night of the Last Supper. When the Paschal meal was finished it was the

custom of the Jews for the youngest member present to ask the oldest to tell of the deliverance of their forefathers and the journey to the promised land. In fancy we can see St. John asking our Lord to repeat the story; it is told; the old dispensation is ended, the new begins. The Master then takes bread into His sacred hands, and raising His eyes to Heaven says, "Take ye and eat, this is My Body." In a like manner also He pronounces over the chalice, "Take ye and drink, this is My Blood." The Apostles do as they are bidden, and we see before us the first "First Communion Class." When they have communed, the Master says, "Do this for a commemoration of Me," and those simple men of God are ordained priests.

The world denies this, but it took the world fifteen hundred years to read a different meaning from those simple words.

CONFERENCE VIII.

Mary, "Queen of Angels," is honored by the Catholic Church, and well it is for us that such is the case, for every

one who denies her this due honor denies also the Divinity of Christ. In giving this homage to the Blessed Virgin we are following the example of God Himself, Who made her His Mother. Not only is she the creature par-excellence, she is also the greatest possible creature, for her greatness rests on her divine maternity, and what greater gift could God bestow on a creature. Let us then often have recourse to Mary in trials and temptations. She obtained from our Lord when on earth everything she asked, she will obtain for us now all that is necessary for our eternal salvation.

The Retreat was ended, the good work was done; we had been guided to the foot of the mountain of perfection, and the upward way was pointed out, but in that journey we must ascend alone with our Lord. As we ascend then from height to height in virtue, we will remember sometimes to pray for him who preached to us, or as he himself requested in the words of the Apostle, to "Pray lest in preaching to others I myself may become a castaway."

P. J. M. '12.

Editorials

The Unionist party came to its own when it chose William Murray to preside over its affairs for the next term. Few members have been so active, and few have shown more energy and executive ability during the past term.

It was by special invitation that our Senior Hockey Team revisited New York at the close of the season. So anxious was the management of St. Nicholas Rink to secure a second visit that they asked manager Dissette to state his own terms. Needless to say, the success of the former invasion was repeated.

The Old Belles Lettres Club announce a second time their scholarship of Fifty Dollars for general proficiency at the Junior Matriculation examination. Harold Gonter was the winner last year. Few classes have shown their loyalty to their Alma Mater in so practical a manner.

The Junior City Rugby Champions of 1909 received handsome silver medals from Frederick Lyonde. We wish, through the medium of this year's issue, to express our ap-

preciation of his interest in this regard.

The loss of John Sheridan and Paul Costello in the middle of the term was keenly felt in athletic and literary circles. Their records at St. Michael's reflect credit on themselves and honor on their Alma Mater. We are pleased to hear of their success at Assumption College.

The final game with Parkdale was the occasion for an impromptu reunion of the younger graduates. From various parts of the province they came, eager to take part in the expected triumph of the College they claim as their Alma Mater. Such keen interest is greatly to be commended.

We are pleased to announce the ordinations to the holy priesthood, since last issue, of the following old students. J. Guiry, F. O'Brien, J. McAulay, P. Flanagan, M. O'Neill, J. Coleman, W. Heydon, J. Traynor, F. Morrissey.

In connection with the publication of this issue we wish to acknowledge valuable assistance rendered by Father Carr and Father Sullivan.

The Directory of 1910-1911

FOURTH YEAR ARTS.

Bellisle, H. S., 58 Grace St., Toronto, Ont.
Coughlin, C. E., 179 McNab St., Hamilton, Ont.
Duhamel, L. P., Rigaud P.O., Que.
Dignan, H., 296 Queen Ave., London, Ont.
Fitzpatrick, B., Brockville, Ont.
Mulligan, T. M., Sudbury, Ont.
McCorkell, E. J., Udney, Ont.
Nobert, W. M., 44 Logan Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Howarth, G., 45 Galt Ave., Toronto, Ont.

THIRD YEAR ARTS.

Bench, M., 143 Church St., St. Catharines, Ont.
Bennett, J. M., 715 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Kirby, G., 217 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Moloney, P. J., Powassan, Ont.
Miller, R., 90 Charles St., Toronto, Ont.
Murray, W. L., Pembroke, Ont.
McReavy, F., Owen Sound, Ont.
O'Connor, D., Whitby, Ont.
Riordan, F., Hawtry, Ont.

SECOND YEAR ARTS.

Black, C. J., Campbellford, Ont.
Brennan, E., Box 86, St. Catharines, Ont.
Culliton, G., 20 Geneva St., Toronto, Ont.
Forestall, D., Campbellford, Ont.
Garvin, L. G., Westport, Ont.
Kingsley, B., Lindsay, Ont.
Mogan, A., 378 Berkeley St., Toronto, Ont.
O'Brien, M., 520 Gilmour St., Peterboro, Ont.
O'Brien, P., Bartonville, Ont.
O'Leary, C., Rowanwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.
O'Neil, R., North Bay, Ont.

FIRST YEAR ARTS.

Canning, E., Scarboro, Ont.
Carrol, F. K., 48 Grace St., Toronto, Ont.
Clements, J., Campbellford, Ont.
Donovan, Chas., 133 Farnum St., Wellsville, N.Y.
Dowdall, E., Almonte, Ont.
Doyle, B., 77 Ann St., Toronto, Ont.
Gonter, H., 200 Farnum St., Wellsville, N.Y.



Gonter, W., 28 Central Place, Wellsville, N.Y.
Guerard, I., Port Arthur, Ont.
Hanrahan, T. L., Barton & Catherine Sts., Hamilton, Ont.
Hammond, F., Cayuga, Ont.
Kehoe, J., Coventry, Ont.
Lellis, A., 1466 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.
Mulligan, D., Sudbury, Ont.
Mogan, J., 268 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.
McCabe, C., 222 Queen St. East, Toronto, Ont.
McGinn, F., 122 Dundas St., Toronto, Ont.
Rainboth, E., 186 Cooper St., Ottawa, Ont.
Reddin, J., 503 St. Clarens Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Reilly, J. J., 224 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa.
Sullivan, J., Dundas, Ont.
Shaw, J., 258 Church St., Toronto, Ont.
Temple, B., 1376 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.



FOURTH YEAR ACADEMIC.

Callaghan, A., Arthur, Ont.
Canfield, Jos., 165 Robert St., Utica, N.Y.
Cuddahy, O., 528 Church St., Toronto.
Coughlin, C., St. Thomas, Ont.
Byrne, V., 127 Winchester St., Toronto, Ont.

Duggan, V., 29 St. Alban's St., Toronto, Ont.
Duggan, S., Schomberg, Ont.
Donovan, Thos., Mount Forest, Ont.
Dwyer, Jos., Antrim, Penn.
Gordon, D., 213 Dupont St., Toronto, Ont.
Horman, Leo, Belleville, Ont.
Lee, Geo., North Bay, Ont.
Monter, M., 6 Maple Ave.
Hynes, P., 4 Cobourg Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Holland, B. J., North Bay, Ont.
Leyh, Geo., 925 Buswick Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mahar, G., 144 St. Patrick St., Toronto, Ont.
Murray, Cyril, Wilton Grove, Ont.
McCormick, Neil, McCormick, Ont.
McCabe, T., 222 Queen St. East, Toronto, Ont.
McBrady, R., 267 Pearl St., Port Arthur, Ont.
O'Neill, D., 475 Queen St. East, Toronto, Ont.
O'Leary, Jno., 273 Romaine St., Peterboro, Ont.
O'Connor, Jno., 257 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.
O'Connor, T. S., Gananoque, Ont.
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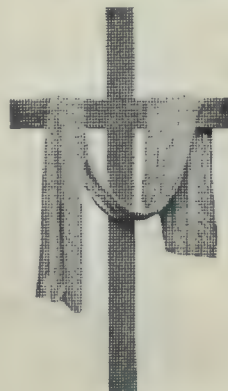
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